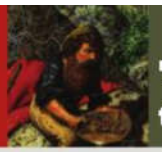
Breaking the 'Black Sox'

Searching for Century Sam



The Road to Riches?

The Beaver

CANADA'S HISTORY MAGA

October | November 2008

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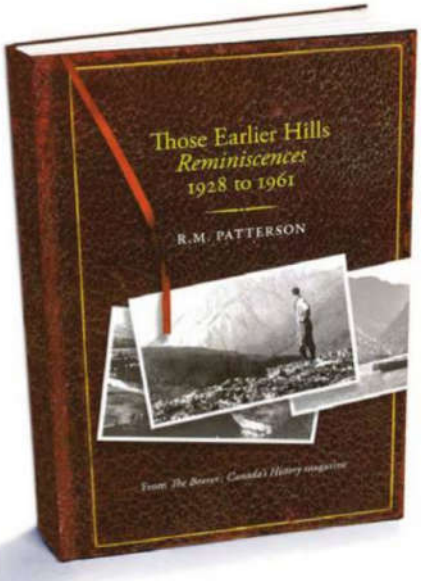

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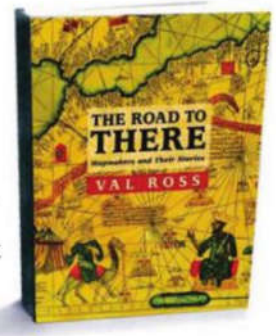

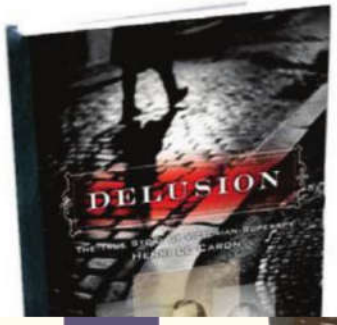

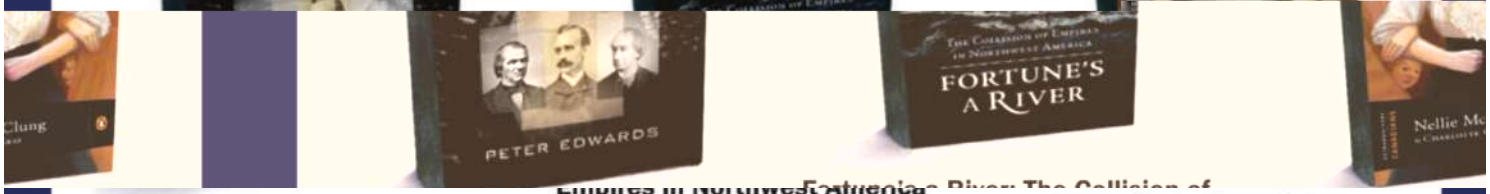

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Canada

The age of trumpets

"We will remember them." Anyone who has attended a Remembrance Day ceremony in Canada will know these words. Written in 1914 by British poet Laurence Binyon, the line is from his poem *For the Fallen* and is recited each November 11 at services across the country.

I remember having, as a boy, to memorize lines from another First World War poem, *In Flanders Fields*. The singsong quality of the first stanza made it easy to recall: "In Flanders fields the poppies blow/ Between the crosses, row on row…."

John McCrae, a Canadian surgeon, wrote that poem at the fresh graveside of a friend killed in the second battle of Ypres in Belgium. McCrae ends with the patriotic call to "Take up our quarrel with the foe:/ To you from failing hands we throw/ The torch; be yours to hold it high."

THOMAS PRICE

Both poems are undeniably iconic, but I prefer another poem about the Great War, *Ypres 1915*, written in 1970 by the Atlantic Canadian poet Alden Nowlan.

Stark and grim, it shatters the romantic imagery of war with accusing words: "The age of trumpets is passed, the banners hang/ Like dead crows, tattered and black/ Rotting into nothingness on cathedral walls."

Born in 1933, Nowlan was of a different generation than Binyon and McCrae; a generation that missed serving in either world war and grew up wary of jingoism.

In his poem, Nowlan clearly rejects the notion of a glorious war, but he also can't help feeling a patriotic pride over the stubborn courage displayed by the average Canadian Tommy — men like "Private MacNally," who, later in *Ypres 1915*, snarls at the enemy: "You squarehead sons of bitches,/ You want this God damned trench/ You're going to have to take it away from Billy MacNally/ Of the South end of St. John, New Brunswick."

Calling his sentiments "ridiculous," and "nothing on which to found a country," Nowlan nonetheless admits: "It makes me feel good, knowing/ That in some obscure way/ They were connected with me/ And me with them."

It's been ninety years since the First World War ended, and no Canadian soldier is alive today to personally recall the horror of the trenches. There remains only one Canadian Great War veteran, and he never made it to the front.

As the years slip by, I suspect many Canadians are finding it increasingly hard to feel connected to that long-ago conflict.

In this issue, we present "We Remember," a feature package written by Michael Bliss, Tim Cook, Charlotte Gray, and Heather Robertson that examines how the Great War transformed Canada and Canadians.

Nothing was ever the same for those who lived through the war. The sheer scale of the casualties — more than 60,000 Canadians killed, another 172,000 wounded — ensured that.

The "age of trumpets" has certainly passed, but the legacy of the Great War remains. We hope these essays help you to connect with that legacy — and with the men and women whose lives were forever changed by the First World War.

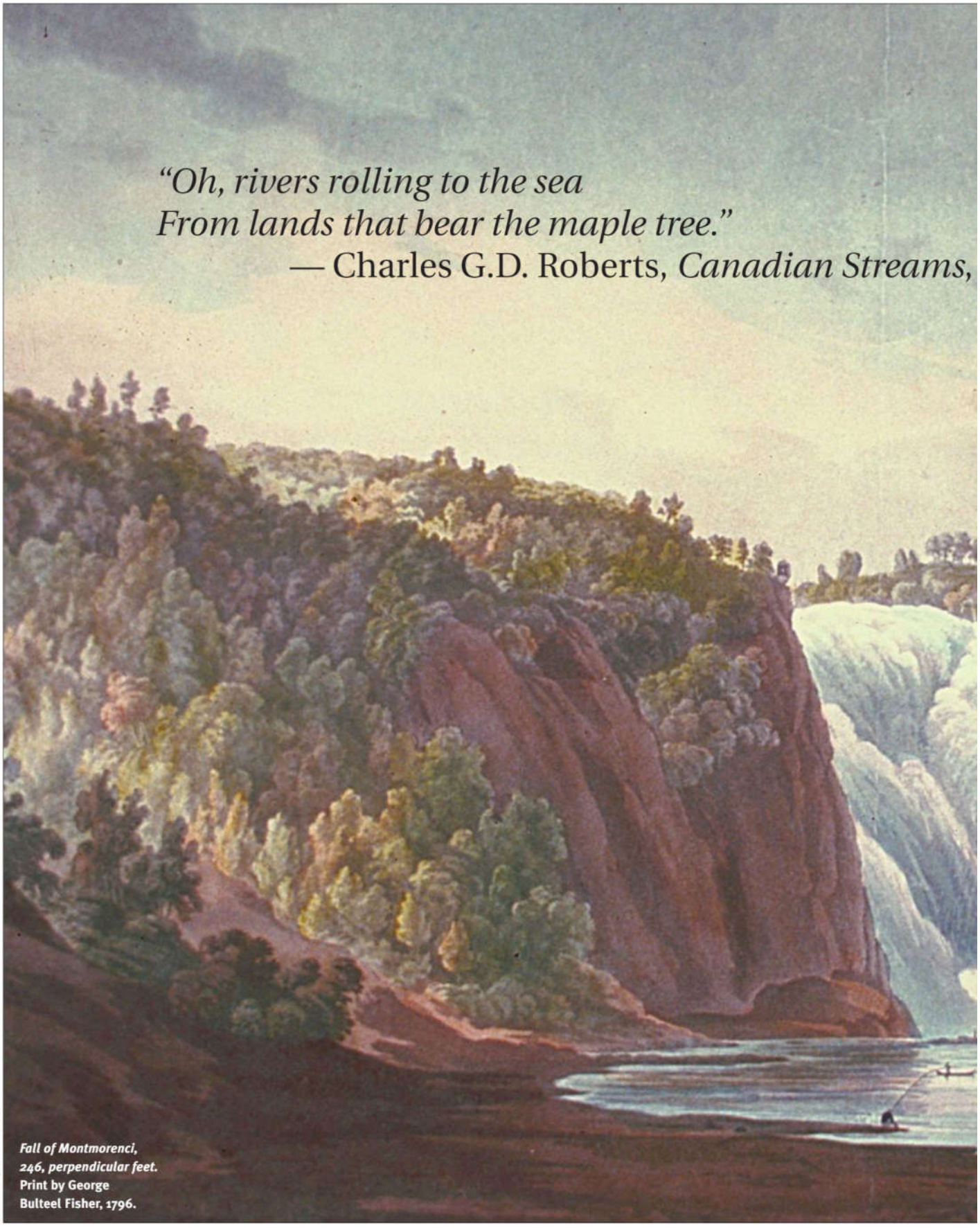
Despite the passing years, they remain connected with us, and us with them.

Mark Reid

Mark Reid, Editor
editors@historysociety.ca

COVER: CANADIAN PRESS

"Oh, rivers rolling to the sea
From lands that bear the maple tree."
— Charles G.D. Roberts, *Canadian Streams,*



Fall of Montmorenci, 246, perpendicular feet. **Print by George Bulteel Fisher, 1796.**

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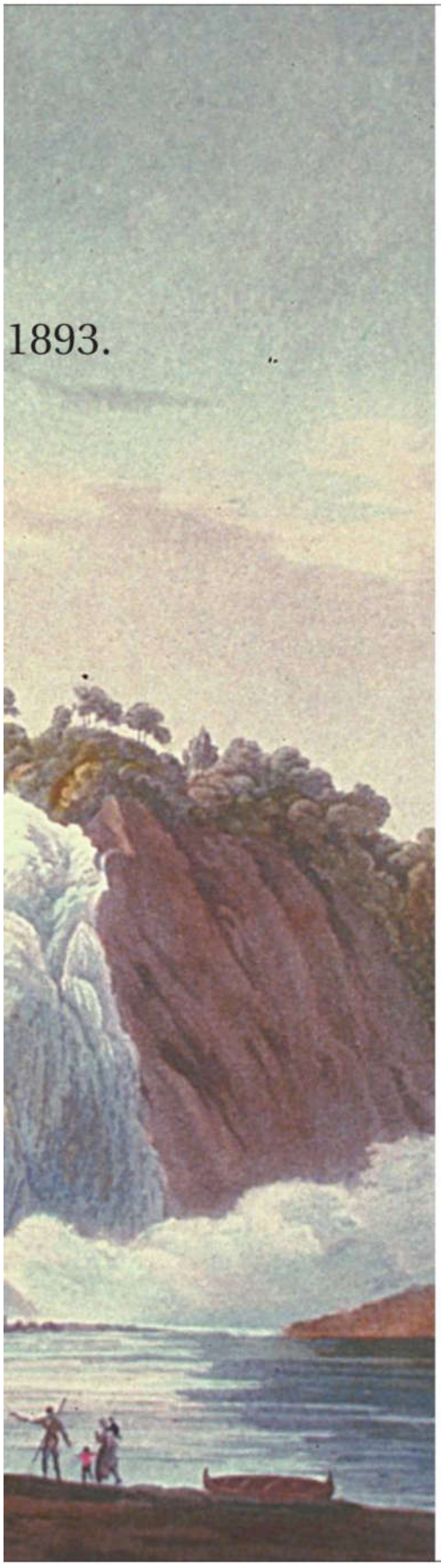

The Beaver

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Letters

Awe-inspiring images

Wow! Congratulations on a fantastic edition. I thoroughly enjoyed the century-plus retrospective of Canadian history captured one frame at a time ["10 Photos that Changed Canada," August-September 2008].

As a kid I didn't think of Terry Fox as a cancer victim. I thought of him as a courageous Canadian. The other pictures were no less awe-inspiring. The photo "Wait for me, Daddy" pulls on one's heartstrings. These photos indeed capture the essence of Canada's most poignant moments.

I'm sure there were many fantastic photos that didn't make the cut. Regardless, this is rather an impressive collection of enduring photos. Well done!

ANDREW IVAN RAND
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Wild failure

In *The Beaver*'s August-September Currents section, it was noted that the world's first Wild West Show was performed on August 28, 1872, by Wild Bill Hickock in Niagara Falls. While this may have been a first in Canada, it was the beginning of the end of Barnett's Niagara Falls Museum.

British expatriate Thomas Barnett established a museum in Kingston in 1828. In late 1829 or early 1830, this enterprise was moved to Niagara Falls, and it was open to the public by July of 1831. Barnett's son Sydney began to plan for the Wild West Show in 1869. He regarded this initiative as a strategy to put the family museum on solid financial ground. He initially contacted Buffalo Bill Cody, but after two years of inaction Barnett asked Wild Bill Hickock to organize the event and to be its master of ceremonies.

The "Buffalo Hunt and Wild West Show" was planned for early summer of 1872 at the height of the tourist season, but logistical delays resulted in the event being postponed until August 28 to 30, 1872. Preparations were made for 50,000 spectators, but in the end fewer than 3,000 attended. This low turnout resulted in a loss of $20,000. Eventually the museum was put up for auction, and it was purchased in 1877 by Barnett's archrival, Saul Davis, for $48,000.

While Barnett's Niagara Falls Museum ended in failure and bankruptcy, it should be regarded as an important episode in the evolution and development of museums in Canada.

DR. JOHN C. CARTER
MUSEUM & HERITAGE ADVISOR
ONTARIO MINISTRY OF CULTURE

Jumper joy

I was interested to see mention of the Jolly Jumper in the Currents section of the June-July 2008 issue of *The Beaver*.

My husband, George Ayles, worked with the Poole brothers in Gibsons, B.C., in the 1950s manufacturing the first Jolly Jumpers. At that time it was a small family cottage industry involving most of the Poole family plus my husband. My older children remember sitting around the kitchen table (in the days before TV) attaching the plastic bobbles to the Jolly Jumpers.

As a baby, my youngest daughter demonstrated the Jolly Jumper in the store window of one of the downtown Vancouver department stores — her early claim to fame!

We knew all the Pooles and we remained good friends with Don and Betty all their lives. Your article brought back many memories for me and my family!

LEONIS AYLES
VANCOUVER

PM wives deserve credit

For the last couple of years I have been researching and visiting some of the burial places of the wives of the prime ministers of Canada, so it was with great interest that I read Christopher Moore's article "Political Graveyards: Canada's dead prime ministers deserve to rest in peace" [August-September 2008].

My interest in the subject began while visiting Lester B. Pearson's grave, when, after spending some time photographing his headstone, I realized I was actually standing on his wife Maryon's foot stone — which indicates only her name and years of birth and death.

Unlike the Americans, we do not have the "First Lady" title for the consorts of our leaders, and these at times reluctant wives are, more often than not, totally forgotten. After all, behind every successful man there stands — as Maryon Pearson pointed out — "a surprised woman." So should they not receive some consideration?

What a shame that Canadians do not take more pride.

MS. HAGIT HADAYA
ARCHITECTURAL HISTORIAN
AND HERITAGE CONSULTANT
OTTAWA

Column concerns

The Beaver article on genealogy in the August-September 2008 issue ["Roots:

For the record"] makes numerous erroneous statements. To start, the assertion that family historians will only be able to go back a few generations before they run out of hard evidence needs qualification. Some individuals — adoptees, for example — may not be able to go back at all. Others, such as French-Canadians, may be able to easily coast back several centuries.

When the paper trail starts to fade, preponderance of evidence is no longer accepted as the best way to reach conclusions. Many genealogists now apply the more rigorous Genealogical Proof Standard, which calls for evidence to be carefully analyzed and discrepancies reasonably explained.

Other statements oversimplify the purpose of genealogical citations. Citations do more than direct readers back to the source; they allow readers to evaluate the *quality* of the source.

The article also goes overboard in its condemnation of the Internet. Online research definitely requires caution, but there is not a single word acknowledging the Internet's benefits. Teaching beginners to distinguish the good from the bad will ultimately be more useful than making sweeping generalizations about the errors and, even worse, "outright lies" in other people's work. Again, a little qualification would have helped immensely to balance this article.

ALISON HARE
CERTIFIED GENEALOGIST
OTTAWA

[Roots columnist Dr. Fraser Dunford responds: *I think Ms. Hare is missing the point of this column. It is for beginners, people who know nothing about genealogy. Any competent professional can poke holes in the first course of their discipline. Yes, some people can trace their family back a long way. I have not met anyone who had all of their lines back six generations. I am sure such people exist but most of us are like me: I have two lines back to the 1600s, while most of the rest go back only four generations.*

Ms. Hare is correct about preponderance of evidence, but its advantage is that its name goes a long way towards defining it, so it can be explained in a few words. However, it would have taken an entire article to describe Genealogical Proof Standard and only the professionals would still have been reading at the end. I will be happy if beginners realize they need sound evidence.

Yes, citations do more than just point to the source, but for beginners that is what a citation does. Let's get beginners writing citations — the analysis of citations comes later. I stand by my opinion of the Internet. For someone who knows genealogy, it is a wonderful source. For a beginner, it is a dangerous place. By all means explore it, but be skeptical.

Ms. Hare does point out one error in the article. I recommend pencil and paper for the first hundred relatives, *not* ancestors, *as I mistakenly said. I should have spotted that error.*]

Loyal reader

I read with interest the article about the Loyalists entitled "A Manifest's Destiny" [August-September 2008]. It was particularly informative to me as my family history evolves from the circumstances outlined in your article.

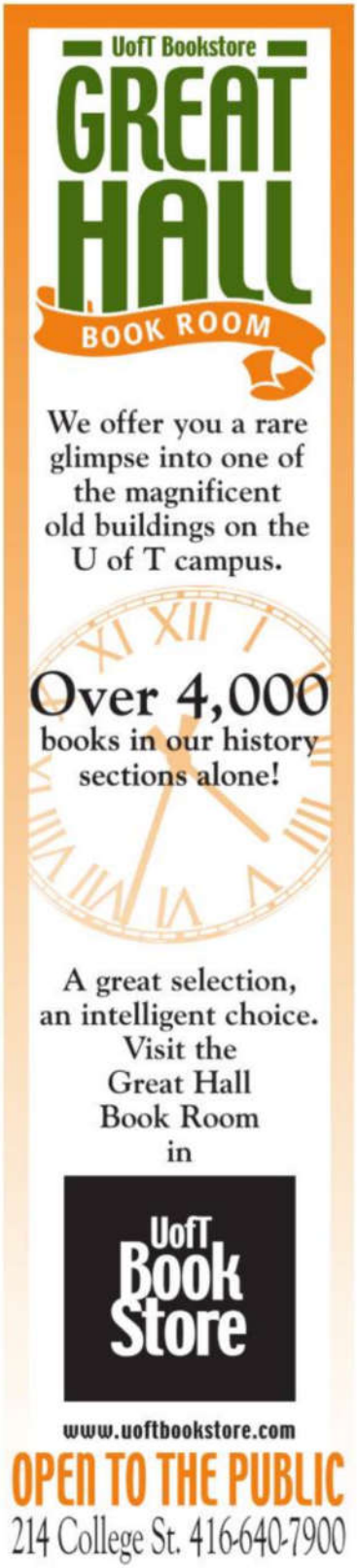
Thank you for your article. It showed me another side of the persecution and hardships peoples endured for their allegiance to the British monarchy. My ancestors' actions allow me to be a proud Canadian!

RON CROSS
WHITBY, ONTARIO

Erratum

Fred Davis [1896–1963] took the picture of the Dionne quintuplets featured in "10 Photos that Changed Canada." The photographer's identity was not discovered until after the magazine had gone to print.

***The Beaver* welcomes readers' comments.** Email us at editors@historysociety.ca or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.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DETAIL FROM BUILDING THE TOLL, CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF, 1847, 1955.14, MCCORD MUSEUM

B.C.'s CRAFTY HERITAGE

Ranging from the handmade to the mass-produced, the BC 150 Applied Arts Project features objects created, built, or designed in British Columbia. Items featured in the online exhibit range from arts and crafts to industrial design, from jewelry and pottery to furniture, gardens, and buildings.

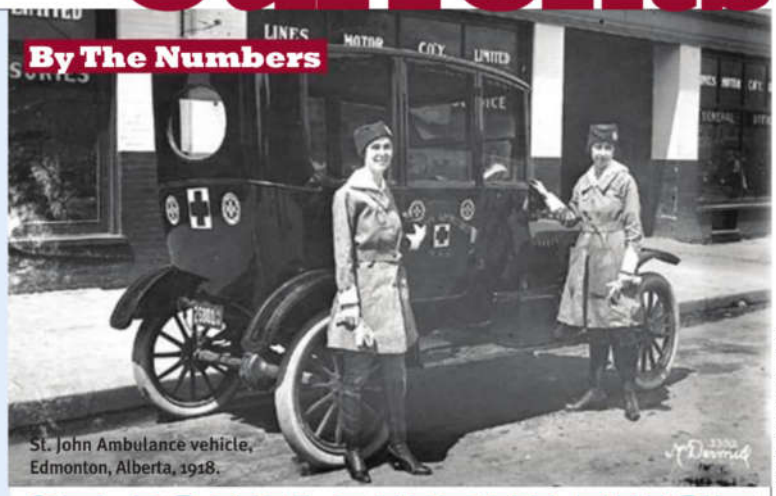
Curated by Sam Carter and Patrick Gunn at the Emily Carr Institute of Art and Design, the project is designed as an online learning tool. Carter calls it a celebration for "all interested in the application of creativity for survival, comfort, beauty as well as trade, culture, and social well-being."

The exhibit recognizes that the applied arts in B.C. stem from a fusion of cultures, beginning with First Nations and continuing with influences from around the globe. Many items, such as the late-1930s apples label below, depict the province's flora, fauna, and environment — whether natural or mythical.

For more about the project and a link to the website, visit TheBeaver.ca. **— Phil Koch**

SAM CARTER, KELOWNA MUSEUM/MONTAGE: MICHEL GROLEAU

By The Numbers



St. John Ambulance vehicle, Edmonton, Alberta, 1918.

GLENBOW MUSEUM/NC-6-3393

ST. JOHN AMBULANCE

The training and volunteer work of St. John Ambulance stems from the Order of St. John, which had its beginnings in an eleventh-century Jerusalem hospital built to care for sick pilgrims. Two St. John Ambulance foundations were established in late-nineteenth-century Great Britain — one that sought to train the public in first aid and another for providing first aid care. In 2008, St. John Ambulance celebrates its 125th anniversary of first aid training and volunteer community work in Canada.

125 Years St. John Ambulance has operated in Canada — the first Canadian branch opened in Quebec City in 1883.

25,000 Current St. John Ambulance Canada volunteers.

2,000,000 Hours St. John Ambulance volunteers contribute to Canadian communities each year.

5,500 Active Canadian members of the Order of St. John — the order ranks fifth in the Canadian honours system and membership is by invitation only.

4 Four-legged, that is — canine companions visit hospitals, nursing homes, and special needs centres along with St. John Ambulance volunteers under the Therapy Dog Program.

550,000 Canadians trained in first aid and CPR each year by St. John Ambulance.

42 Countries in which St. John Ambulance is located.

— Compiled by Beverley Tallon

TAKE THE DAY OFF

October 2

To remember the day in 1887 when a massive sturgeon weighing 374 kilograms and measuring 3.58 metres was caught at Ladner's Landing, B.C. Buy a bigger barbecue.

Currents

Our home & native ...

Table Hockey

When Canadians gather around the kitchen table this winter for a rousing game of table hockey, amid the shouts of "He shoots, he scores!" they might give a tip of the hat to Toronto's Donald H. Munro.

Donald who?

Whatever on-ice team you cheer for, you can thank Munro for making the first mechanical hockey game. He fashioned it out of found wood and scrap metal as a Christmas present for his children during the Great Depression, but soon began selling games through the T. Eaton Company.

COURTESY DONALD MUNRO JR., CLAN MUNRO ASSOCIATION

Donald. H. Munro (centre) with sons Donald Jr. and William.

The Munro Standard Model, listed at $4.95 in Eaton's 1939–40 catalogue, resembled a two-sided pinball game with pivoting wooden pegs and wire loops to shoot the "puck" — which was in fact a metal ball.

Munro had a number of competitors, including Montreal's Eagle Toy Company, which in 1954 introduced a model with moving rods and painted, cut-out players that could pivot 360 degrees.

Munro and Eagle produced competing designs that gained in popularity after NHL games were televised in the 1950s and when the league expanded in 1967. With hundreds of thousands of table hockey games being purchased each year, both businesses were sold to U.S. companies in 1968.

Table hockey has enjoyed continuing but limited popularity since the advent of video games.

— Kristen Fry

Living History

From footnote to Facebook

Students find story behind forgotten war hero.

Not too many World War One flying aces have their own Facebook page. But Eddie McKay does. And this once-forgotten pilot from southern Ontario, who died in 1917, is a subject of intense interest to a group of history students.

It all started when Graham Broad, a professor at the University of Western Ontario, found McKay's name in a footnote in a book about campus history. McKay was included in a list of university alumni who had served during the First World War, but his name was unfamiliar to Broad, a specialist in military history.

His curiosity piqued, Broad spent hours at the local archives in a fruitless search for information on McKay. Tired and discouraged, he finally gave up. On his way out, Broad's glance happened to fall on a display case showing old issues of the *London Free Press*. His eye was drawn to a grainy picture of a jaunty young man in a rugby uniform. As he read the caption, he experienced a spine-tingling realization.

"After looking for him all day, there he was, staring up at me out of the display case," said Broad.

Excited by the find, Broad engaged his students in the search for more information. They combed old newspapers and other material for clues. Gradually, a picture emerged.

Captain Alfred Edwin McKay joined the British Royal Flying Corps in 1916. He downed ten enemy planes, outlived his entire squadron (the life expectancy for a WWI flyer was about thirty days), spent some time as a flying instructor in England, then returned to the front, where he was eventually shot out of the sky and killed in December 1917.

But there's more to his story.

"For a brief time in 1916 he was probably the most famous pilot in the world," says Broad. "He was credited with shooting down Oswald Boelcke, the most famous of the German aces at the time."

Yet, in a letter home, McKay refused to take credit, saying that Boelcke had actually collided with another German plane. Broad says it was remarkable that McKay did not claim the victory.

"Pilots during World War I were not known for being mod-

J.P. METRAS MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

October 6

To note the day in 1967 that Ucluelet Brynnor Mines, B.C., was deluged with 489.2 mm of precipitation, the most to fall in Canada during a 24-hour period. Bail!

November 9

To celebrate the beginning of B.C.'s export trade in 1864 with a shipment of lumber bound for Australia. Knock on wood.

Eddie McKay in 1915 as a champion rugby player for the University of Western Ontario.

Captain Eddie McKay in 1917.

COURTESY STUART TAYLOR

est," he says.

McKay's war records, held by the British, were destroyed during a World War II bombing raid on London — an explanation for why he was all but forgotten.

But now, thanks to the efforts of Broad and his students, McKay's legacy has been revived. A commemorative marker was placed on the university grounds in November 2007. His profile and photo can now be found on Wikipedia and other Internet sites, including the aforementioned Eddie McKay Facebook group.

Student Corey Everrett, who found a picture of McKay in his uniform, probably taken a few weeks before he died, said it did not take long for her to become personally invested in the former Western student.

"I clearly remember ... looking at the classes that Eddie had taken and finding my eyes filling with tears as I read the words 'deceased' next to his name," said Everrett.

"This was such a simple example of the fact that he had been a student just like us, but instead of finishing his time at Western, he chose to fight and die for his country."

Everrett says the project had a profound affect on her and motivated her to go on to pursue an M.A. in public history.

The Eddie McKay Facebook site can be found at: http://www.facebook.com/group.php?gid=6431761585. **— Nelle Oosterom**

November 19

To observe the proclamation of the Act of Union joining B.C. and Vancouver Island in 1866. Tip the ferryman.

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OLD NEWS IS GOOD NEWS

Tony Colaiacovo and his retro newspapers.

MARVIN MOORE

Black history is being taught in a whole new way in Nova Scotia's schools, thanks to a very old medium.

In an age when cyberspace is the go-to place for student research, school officials have fallen back on ink and newsprint. Students in Grade 11 pore over an old-style "newspaper" — *The Times of African Nova Scotians* — as they learn about Nova Scotia's rich legacy of black history. With headlines such as "A new era of race consciousness" and "Slaves in île Royale, 1713–1758," the paper treats historical events as if they were happening today, complete with black and white pictures from the period and old-fashioned typefaces.

The stories, however, are not written by "ink-stained wretches" straining to meet a deadline. They are thoughtfully written by experts and are peer-reviewed.

Why teach history through the pages of a newspaper?

Canadian history became a compulsory subject for Grade 11 students in Nova Scotia in 2001, with options to specialize in particular cultural themes, including African Canadian and Mi'kmaq. But not all of the curriculum materials had been developed. Along came Tony Colaiacovo, who had an idea.

Colaiacovo had already published historic newspapers dealing with events in Nova Scotia history, such as the Halifax Explosion and the sinking of the *Titanic*. These were mostly sold in museums and tourism shops and proved very popular. And before he was doing that, Colaiacovo had created an award-winning supplement on black history for a Halifax newspaper in 1992.

He approached the Nova Scotia Department of Education with his idea and managed to impress Patrick Kakembo, director of the African-Canadian Services Division.

As a result, 32,000 copies of this unique historical newspaper were published this year. Requests have been coming in to make them available to other grades, as well as to universities and colleges, says Colaiacovo.

"It's a cutting-edge idea, although the format is an old format," says Colaiacovo, who believes his newspapers are popular with students "because they can hold it, they can go back and forth and examine the pictures. It's portable. And it's not as intimidating as a textbook."

The Times of African Nova Scotians, as well as Colaiacovo's other historical newspapers, are available by sending $5 per copy to: Effective Publishing Ltd., P.O. Box 31085, Halifax, NS B3K 5T9.

— Nelle Oosterom

CAREY NEWMAN

CARVING A STORY IN WOOD

A unique project to commemorate the Cowichan 2008 North American Indigenous Games and British Columbia's 150th anniversary has been carved out by artist Carey Newman. Beginning in May, the thirty-two-year-old Coast Salish carver transformed a six-metre western red cedar log into a Cowichan Spirit Pole.

As it was being carved, the ceremonial pole visited forty-five communities during a thirteen-week tour. Under Newman's guidance, people were invited to try their hand at carving the log and to learn about traditional methods and aboriginal history.

"I love that the people of B.C. helped carve the Spirit Pole. I was blown away by the idea when I first heard about it," Newman said. He comes from a long line of artists and was assisted by his father, renowned carver Victor Newman.

Newman decorated the pole with traditional figures symbolizing the past, present, and future. The raising of the completed Spirit Pole marked the opening of the games on August 3, and the pole will remain in the Cowichan Valley as a permanent legacy.

— Beverley Tallon

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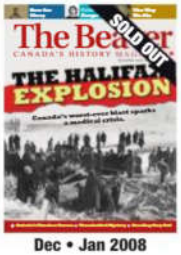

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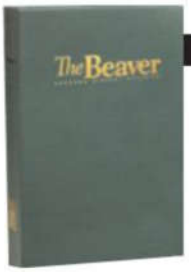

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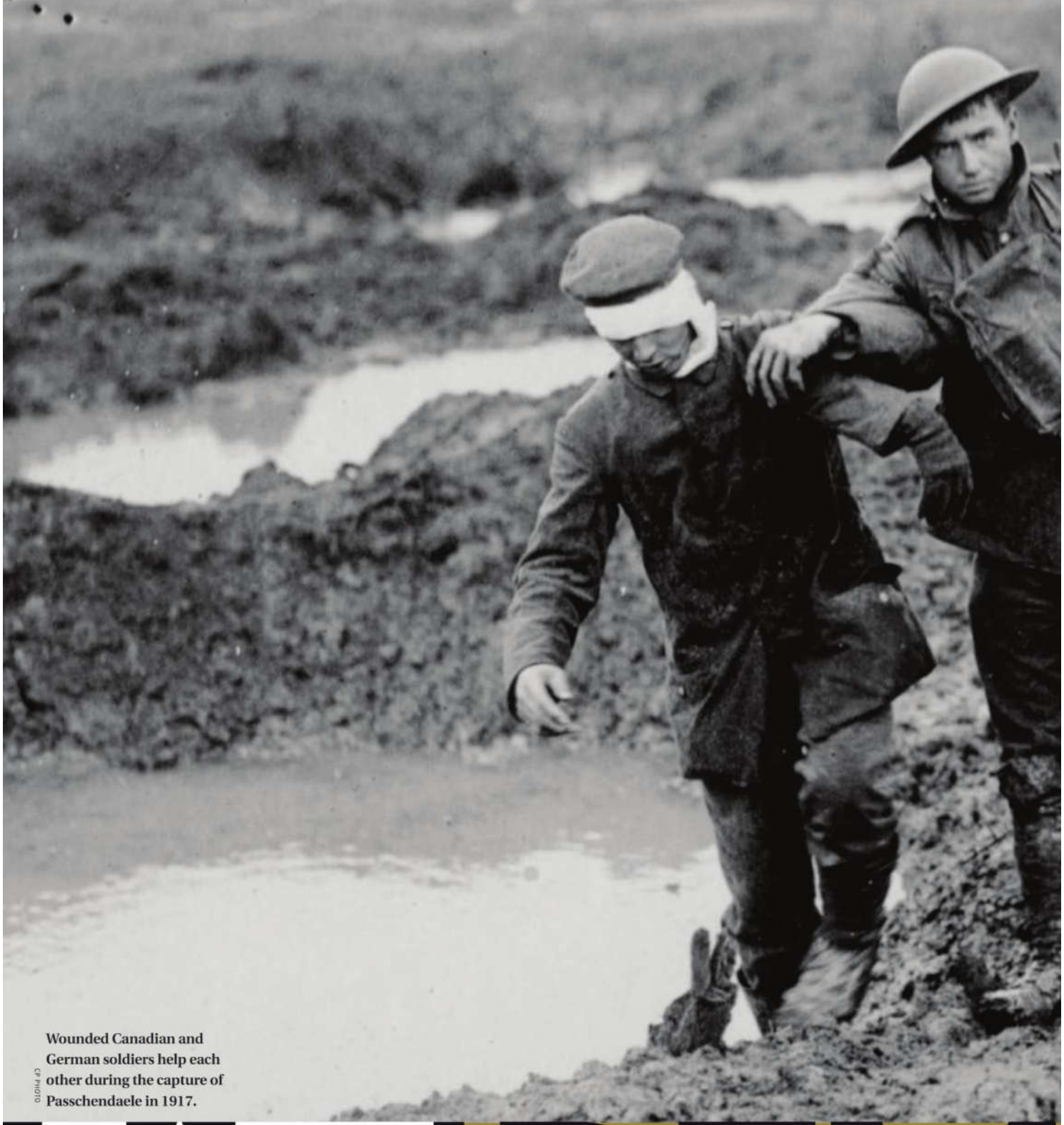


Wounded Canadian and German soldiers help each other during the capture of Passchendaele in 1917.

CP PHOTO

WE REM

Ninety years after the Armistice, we reflect

EMBER

on the tumultuous legacy of the Great War

Hope in He

The things that kept the
from cracking in the tre
very small. by Tim Cook

ll common fighting man nches were sometimes

CP PHOTO

They were new to the soldiers' life. They did not expect to be digging themselves into the ground, and staying there, in their troglodyte world, where the shovel was more useful than the rifle; to be burrowing like frightened animals to escape the terrible firepower of modern weapons.

They were farmers, bankers, clerks, and miners — men of every class and occupation, from every part of Canada — but very few of them were professional soldiers.

How many of them could have imagined the horror of the trenches, where rats and lice plagued them year-round? In summer, they were overwhelmed by sweltering heat and the overpowering stench of bodies both living and dead. In winter they huddled like the homeless people they were, wrapped in layers of wet, mouldering clothes, boots nearly sucked from feet by the clinging mud. By day, the battlefield was deserted; at night, nocturnal warriors crept into the foreboding no man's land between the two opposing armies, laid barbed wire, patrolled, and raided the enemy lines. How did these civilian-soldiers from the young Dominion of Canada withstand such ghastly conditions?

The Great War raged for more than four years, killed ten million soldiers, wounded and maimed at least double that many, and forever changed world history. This cataclysm continues to haunt us ninety years after the guns fell silent. Canada paid a heavy price: more than 60,000 dead and 172,000 wounded from a country of not yet eight million.

In the war's strange, static battlefield, where the front lines rarely shifted, the large battles that signposted the war — Second Ypres (1915), the Somme (1916), Vimy (1917), and Amiens (1918) — were relatively rare, but always the soldiers faced death. And it was random death: death by shell, shrapnel, sniper's bullet, and all manner of weapons. Lance-Sergeant William Curtis described life in the trenches in a letter to his mother. "Ten days under heavy shell fire all the time, day and night. Our casualties were heavy, mostly wounded. It is nerve shattering to be under shellfire." Curtis's candid letter to his mother captured the strain at the front, where men became more and more unsteady over time. The young Curtis, who had grown up in Peterborough, Ontario, did not survive the war.

Canadian soldiers in the trenches at Vimy Ridge, France, in 1917.

There was no escape and no rest from the battering, both physical and mental. Standing shoulder to shoulder with comrades helped, but there was no single method of enduring the death and destruction. Many soldiers were deeply religious, and their faith was only strengthened in the wasteland. "I do believe God will preserve me again when I go back to the trenches," wrote Frank Maheux to his concerned wife. Although wounded, Maheux survived. Other soldiers found the fighting so bru-

tal that their faith in a higher power was shaken. Weariness led to fatalism, which was a form of psychological coping where the soldiers continued to serve until the inevitable claimed them. It was summed up in the phrase, "When your number's up."

CP PHOTO

Wounded Canadian soldiers recover from injuries suffered during a poison gas attack in 1917.

Even with these fatalistic beliefs, most soldiers tried to load the odds of survival in their favour. They armed themselves with good luck charms, embraced complicated superstitions, and followed patterns of behaviour. In a world of chaos, it was important to cling to something solid, even if it was based on a construction of the mind.

Small rewards also kept soldiers going. Letters from home created a sense of normalcy. A daily ration of rum and ample supplies of cigarettes offered respite from bland, starchy cooking and stale water. Also encouraging were the constellation of good billets (like a dry barn), junior officers who cared for their men, and even the rewards of medals.

While soldiers became hardened to the death and destruction around them, many truly believed in the justness of their fight. George Ormsby, who at age thirty-five left behind his wife and two children, wrote: "If it should happen that I do go under, I trust you will be proud that I have had the courage to get out and fight against such a domineering race. Should Germany win this war then may God help Canada — in fact the whole world."

Not all men endured. Some broke under the strain, seeking wounds to give them honourable escape, or inflicting their own. Close to 10,000 soldiers were diagnosed with shell shock and another 700 were caught injuring themselves to escape the front.

Desperate soldiers ran away from their units. They were almost always caught in the rear areas and many were sentenced to death, with twenty-five sentences carried out — twenty-two for desertion, one for cowardice and two for murder. Behind the multiple factors that kept soldiers in the line was the ultimate threat of a firing squad.

This cataclysm continues to haunt us ninety years after the guns fell silent.

Despite the strain, British and Dominion forces were among the very few armies that went through the meat grinder of the Western Front without succumbing to mass mutiny. The Russian forces broke in 1917; the French and Italians mutinied that same year after spectacularly poor leadership and the accumulation of morale-shaking casualties; even the much-vaunted German army was in ruins by the end of the war — but not the Empire's forces. While the Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, Newfoundland, and British Tommies paid a terrible price at the sharp end, they did not break. In the end, they fought because they refused to surrender. They were not simply victims in this massive industrialized war. They found ways to cope; they created new survival tools.

The key to victory in the Great War was the endurance of the common fighting man. We can sometimes forget this, ninety years later, as we look back over the wreckage of war that tore apart the twentieth century, the cities of silent white crosses in Europe, and the several thousands of stone memorials in local communities that span this country as mute testimony to a lost generation.

Tim Cook is author of three books, including *At the Sharp End: Canadians Fighting the Great War, Volume One*, which was awarded the 2008 J.W. Dafoe award. The second volume, *Shock Troops*, will be available in October 2008.

Et Cetera

Canada and the Two World Wars by Desmond Morton and J.L. Granatstein. Key Porter Books, Toronto, 2003.

When Your Number's Up: The Canadian Soldier in the First World War by Desmond Morton. Random House of Canada, Toronto, 1993.

Changing War

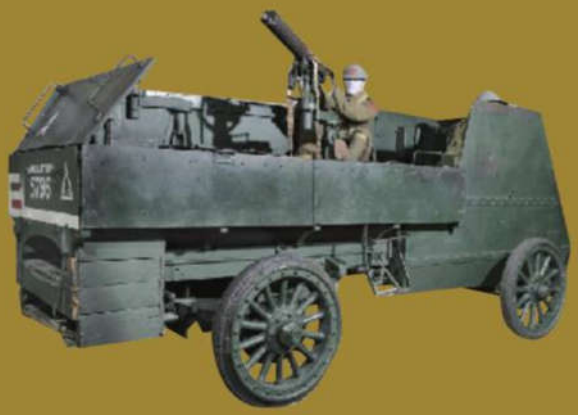
The First World War introduced modern, industrial warfare. Armies went in prepared to fight in the style of the nineteenth century. But the reality of newer, deadlier technology quickly made tactics such as open cavalry charges obsolete. A new style of war emerged, with entrenched armies using the cover of darkness to launch often futile charges against enemy positions. The trench warfare stalemate led to increasing use of long-range artillery bombardments.

Poison gas was first used against Canadians at Ypres in 1915. Troops used this type of rattle in the trenches to warn of an attack.

For the first few years, most Canadian soldiers fought with only cloth caps to cover their heads. An alarming number of head injuries led to the steel helmet being issued to all ranks in 1916, This particular helmet included a face shield and was worn by tank crews.

When war broke out in August 1914, the machine gun was still relatively primitive, heavy, difficult to manouevre, prone to overheating and required up to six men to operate. By the end of the war, lighter, "attack" machine guns became the norm and were mounted on boats, airplanes, and armoured vehicles. As for rifles, Canadians entered the war with the much-despised Ross rifle, which jammed frequently. In 1916 it was replaced by the more reliable Lee-Enfield.

Initially, soldiers protected themselves from gas attacks with gauze masks or rags soaked in bicarbonate of soda or urine. Gas hoods were soon developed, and then, later in the war, modern-looking gas masks with more effective carbon filters were issued.



Death-dealing machines, such as this early armoured car, came of age during the Great War. The Canadian Corps first used tanks at the Battle of the Somme in 1916. Meanwhile, airplanes carried the battle to the skies. About 22,000 Canadians served with the British flying services, as Canada did not have its own air force until the end of the war.

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM

Beauty Buried Alive

The artists depicted a haunted war of weird, yet strangely peaceful imagery. It was not what the generals had ordered. by Heather Robertson

The Sunken Road, by Frederick H. Varley, painted in 1919.

On a sunny day in 1970, I was walking through an exhibition of paintings by the Group of Seven at Ottawa's old National Gallery on Elgin Street, excited by seeing — for the first time in dazzling colour — iconic wilderness landscapes I knew only from the drab, monochromatic prints that had adorned the halls of my Winnipeg schools. Turning a corner, I came to a canvas depicting a sloping rock face — Georgian Bay, perhaps — painted in mellow creams, blues and earth tones. But there was a jarring note — a large rusty culvert — and as I looked more intently, I realized that the shapes I had taken for patches of dirt or vegetation were men in muddy clothing, dead men, sprawled on the ground, melding with the earth.

I stood stock still, barely breathing. I had never seen an image of mutilated bodies, and this shocking landscape, with its ironic little rainbow in the top left corner, was bathed in warm sunlight. It was *The Sunken Road*, by Frederick H. Varley, painted in 1919. A line from W.B. Yeats' poem *Easter, 1916* sprang into my mind: "All changed, changed utterly: A terrible beauty is born."

The exhibition included other sombre scenes of First World War battlefields by A.Y. Jackson, but I didn't discover the entire Canadian War Art collection for another five years, when I began looking for images to illustrate an anthology of soldiers' diaries, letters, and memoirs. Queries at the Canadian War Museum in Ottawa led me to a shabby little downtown storage building near the Byward Market; here, in phalanxes of steel cabinets, I found hundreds and hundreds of sketches and watercolours made by Canadian artists during both world wars.

And this was only the beginning; most of the canvases were stored in a warehouse on the outskirts of the city. There, glowing in a dark, cavernous room, were paintings by two more Group of Seven artists, Arthur Lismer and Frank H. Johnston, and by their famous contemporaries, George Reid, Maurice Cullen and J.W. Beatty. The distinctive style of a canvas resting casually against a wall caught my eye: sure enough, it was by Alex Colville. To my astonishment, Colville — along with Charles Comfort, Bruno Bobak, Molly Lamb Bobak, Jack Humphrey, Carl Schaefer and many other familiar names — had been a commissioned artist in the Second World War.

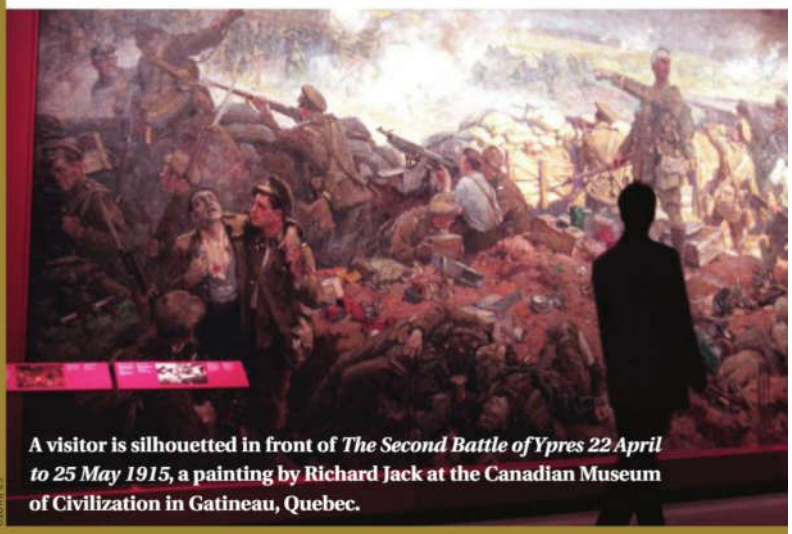
Why were these unique works by our best-known artists hidden away, buried alive? The answer is a story of wilful forgetting. First, the grand memorial gallery intended to display them was never built.

By the end of the "War to End All Wars" in 1918, 60,000 Canadian soldiers had been killed, thousands more wounded in body and spirit; hardly a family escaped grief and suffering. The war art program, masterminded by an expatriate Canadian, Lord Beaverbrook, with the support of Canada's National Gallery, earned Canadian artists high praise in Great Britain, but apart from sporadic, selective exhibits at home, their work became invisible.

I knew that blankness. Growing up in the era of cheerful prosperity that followed the Second World War, my only connections to the violent, traumatic war era were a short, perfunctory silence on Remembrance Day, John McCrae's poem *In Flanders Fields*, and fading photos of my father in his navy uniform. He did not belong to the Legion, or march in veterans' parades; my family and friends were ardent ban-the-bombers, and while we passionately discussed possible nuclear annihilation, the old wars were taboo.

As I became familiar with our war artists' legacy, it occurred to me that their work had been too subversive to display like conventional "pretty pictures." Beaverbrook had originally hired British artists to paint monumental canvases in the heroic tradition, but as Canada's first war artist, A.Y. Jackson, quickly observed, "the old heroics, the death and glory stuff, were gone forever."

The First World War was fought at night, by long-range artillery, and the artists depicted what they saw: a weird, haunted landscape of shattered trees, bombed villages, and ruined churches ghostly white in the moonlight. Fred Varley described a Canadian soldiers' mass burial in a letter to his wife Maud: "Your own countrymen unidentified, thrown into a cart, their coats over them, boys digging a grave in a land of yellow slimy mud and green pools of water under a weeping sky." He called his canvas *For What?*



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A visitor is silhouetted in front of *The Second Battle of Ypres 22 April to 25 May 1915*, a painting by Richard Jack at the Canadian Museum of Civilization in Gatineau, Quebec.

Their work had been too subversive to display like conventional 'pretty pictures.'

Varley, Jackson, and Maurice Cullen portrayed a ruined landscape that is eerily quiet, still, rapt in an enchanted sleep. The mood of their paintings is one of sorrow, compassion and peace. This is anti-war art, the creative expression of a people who, ninety years after the Armistice was signed, stubbornly, if incongruously, believe ourselves to be a nation of peacekeepers.

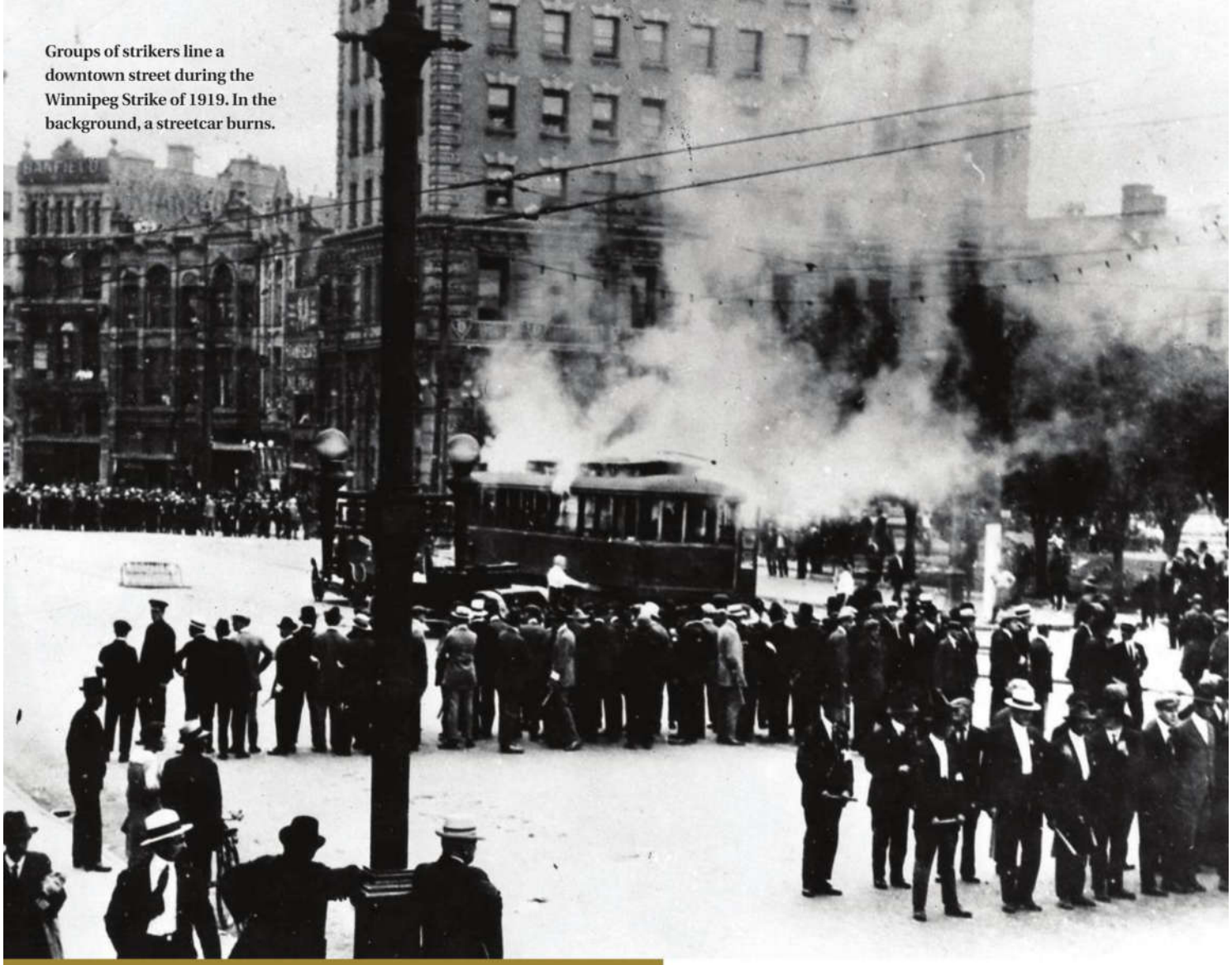
Heather Robertson's most recent book is a biography of geologist/ explorer Joseph Burr Tyrrell, *Measuring Mother Earth: How Joe the Kid became Tyrrell of the North*.

Et Cetera

A Terrible Beauty: The Art of Canada at War by Heather Robertson. James Lorimer & Co., Toronto, 1977.

A Painter's Country by A.Y. Jackson. Clarke Irwin & Co., Toronto, 1958.

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM



Groups of strikers line a downtown street during the Winnipeg Strike of 1919. In the background, a streetcar burns.

After 1918: From Chaos to Mackenzie King!

With the Great War came great social turmoil. Strange, then, how little things actually changed. by Michael Bliss

"Things will never be the same again," we often say of great and unusual events such as terrorist attacks, depressions, or battles. So it was in 1915, when Prime Minister Robert Borden wrote, "This war is the suicide of civilization."

In the wake of the First World War, many Canadians thought that much of pre-war civilization might be gone forever. Entering 1919, more than 60,000 of their finest young men lay dead in Europe, part of a global death toll measured in millions. The spectre of Bolshevik revolution, a bloody reality for tens of millions in Russia, now began to haunt the world. The Paris Peace Conference seemed to create as many problems as it solved. The Dominion of Canada's war-born sense of independence was undermined by bitter memories of English-French divisions over recruiting and by deep uncertainty about the future of the weakened British Empire.

From Halifax to Vancouver, a mix of citizen grief, anger, high expectations, and naked opportunism fuelled attacks on traditional social and political institutions. Canada's

CP PHOTO

political system had been fractured by the conscription debates and bitter election of 1917, and now aggressive farmers' movements had entered politics with a view to changing the system altogether. Angry workers were trying to take control of the economy with direct action, culminating in the May-June 1919 General Strike that brought Winnipeg to the brink of violent class warfare. The cost of living continued to spiral upwards, having roughly doubled since 1915, undercutting the security of the middle class. Veterans were unhappy. Business was confused. Two-thirds of the railway system was bankrupt and had to be nationalized. Social reformers spun out proposals for pensions, health insurance, and a welfare state. Public health workers battled the deadly influenza virus and lectured openly about the perils of venereal disease. All in all, 1919 was a horrible year; nothing seemed the same.

Contrary to some historians' beliefs, what seems most striking is how quickly the post-war social turmoil ended and how little lasting impact it had. Although the farmer-sponsored Progressives took sixty-five seats in the 1921 general election and came to govern several provinces, nothing much came of this protest movement and by the mid-1920s it had largely fizzled. Trade union activity declined, as did inflation, in the hard times immediately after 1920. The failed Winnipeg General Strike set back unions in that city by at least a decade. Serious social change did not come to Canada in the 1920s; for instance, reforms such as medicare and the forty-hour workweek came during or after the Second World War. Nor did significant political change happen in the 1920s; the war had no effect on the Liberal party's line of succession. From 1921, the country was governed by the man who had been Sir Wilfrid Laurier's heir apparent, the uncharismatic, anti-revolutionary William Lyon Mackenzie King. Women voters, enfranchised during the war, did not yet make a difference.

William Lyon Mackenzie King shakes hands with a pilot during a 1941 visit with the RCAF in England.

The 1920s roared less loudly in Canada than in the United States, mainly because of our heavier burden of war-related taxes, but most people thought the country had returned to something like normality by 1925. Many tried to forget about the war, the most common reminder being the memorials to Canadian soldiers erected in every town and city.

The serious underlying dislocations that the cataclysm of 1914 to 1918 had helped to create did affect the country and the world in the long term. The Great Depression of the 1930s was a delayed readjustment to the disruption of the global economy caused when the world had gone to war. There is also a strong case for seeing the rise of European fascism and Nazism as products of the "War to End All Wars." In this view, the interwar years were only a troubled twenty-year truce before the second, even more destructive, outbreak of fighting. By 1945, Canadians had sacrificed another 40,000 lives — a total of 100,000 altogether — in the great global conflict of the twentieth century. The Second World War did lead to significant social change — namely, the coming of the welfare state. But still we were governed by the slow-to-change Mackenzie King!

The spectre of Bolshevik revolution, a bloody reality for tens of millions in Russia, now began to haunt the world.

The pace and rate of historical change is complicated, continuous, uneven, often exaggerated. On the whole, Canadians are blessed with institutions and a social order that have been unusually stable. A woman I knew died this year in her ninety-ninth year. She lived her whole life in one of the thousands of Mariposas — the little towns in the sunshine — that make up our country. Her one memory of the Great War was when news came of the death of her brother Charles, a member of the Royal Flying Corps, in 1918. In the twenty-first century she still felt his loss.

Michael Bliss, one of Canada's foremost historians, is professor emeritus at the University of Toronto.

Et Cetera

Canada: A Nation Transformed, 1896-1921 by Ramsay Cook and Robert Craig Brown. McLelland and Stewart Inc., Toronto, 1974.

Death so Noble: Memory, Meaning, and the First World War by Jonathan Vance. UBC Press, Vancouver, 1997.

A Canadian woman works on bombs at a munition factory in 1916.

Feminists on the Home Front

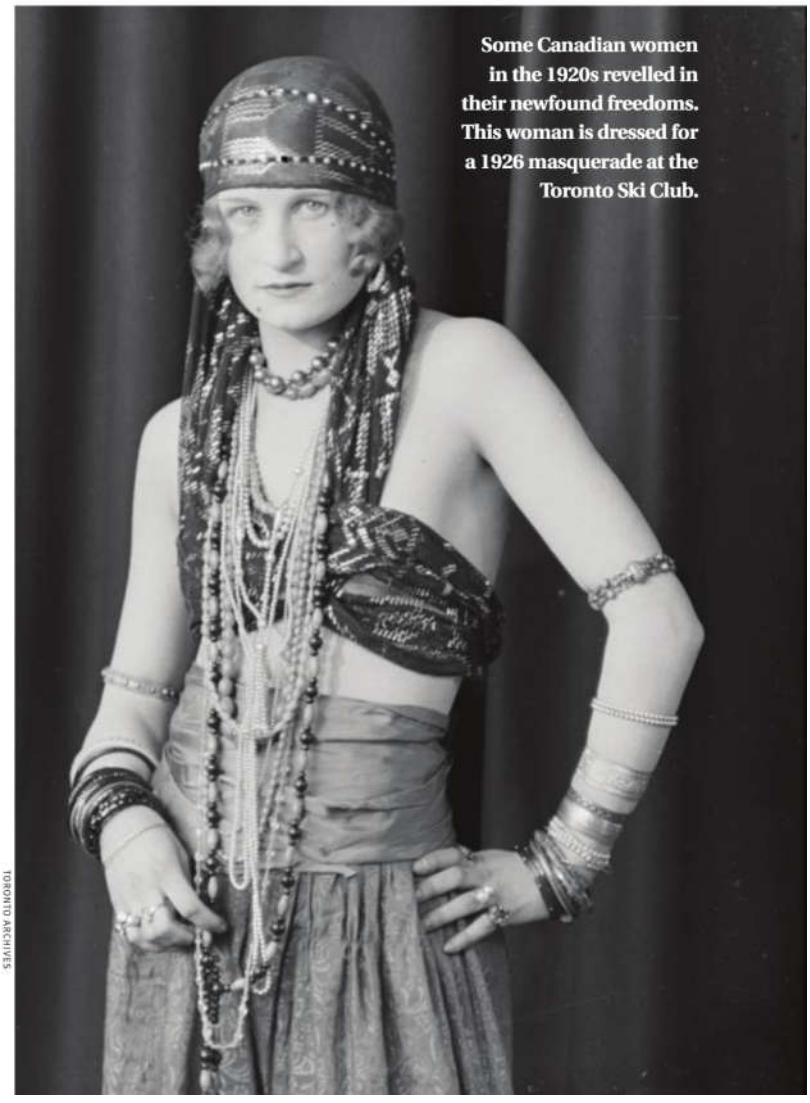
Post-war women went to work. They won the vote. Then they lost their way. by Charlotte Gray

The men who came limping home from the hell of the trenches got a bit of a shock. Yes, there were victory parades, welcoming banquets, and hugs from those who had kept the home fires burning. But while the soldiers had slogged through the mud of France, their own country had undergone a drastic shift.

Thousands of Canadian women had taken off their kitchen aprons and donned coveralls, business suits, or uniforms as they plugged labour shortages in factories and fields, schools and offices. They had tasted the emancipation from the home that a workplace provides, and the financial independence that a weekly pay package bestows. Moreover, they had a new sense of their role in national affairs. They had led the fight for a ban on booze sales in the Prairie provinces, which, according to James Gray, author of *Booze: When Whiskey Ruled the West*, had achieved an astonishing eighty percent reduction in the consumption of alcohol. They had won the right to vote in six provinces. In Ottawa, Prime Minister Robert Borden was smart enough to catch the wave: limited female suffrage was introduced in federal elections in 1917 (a full year before American and British women got the vote), and full voting rights were extended to women a year later.

What's more, women activists seemed to think that they should have a say in the way the country was run. A bunch of them had badgered the Borden government into convening a three-day Women's War Conference in Ottawa in the spring of 1918. There, the redoubtable Nellie McClung had raised the radical notions of equal pay for equal work and a women's advisory lobby within government. Within hours of Armistice Day, Nellie was busy promoting feminist plans for the postwar world. "After you have driven your own car, will you be content to drive an ox in a Red River cart? ...Women must claim the place they have won … in this new world that has been bought [at] such a price." She even had the nerve to argue that a deputation of Canadian women should attend the peace conference in Paris.

Some of the returning soldiers were probably horrified by the brazen self-assertion of their wives and mothers. But I'm sure that others welcomed the new activities, even if it sometimes meant some of the old certainties (dinner on the table at six, dishes done by seven, deference night and day) had evaporated. I suspect that men in both camps observed the changes and asked themselves, "Was there no stopping them?"



Some Canadian women in the 1920s revelled in their newfound freedoms. This woman is dressed for a 1926 masquerade at the Toronto Ski Club.

TORONTO ARCHIVES

CP PHOTO

It turned out that there was. Indifference and apathy brought the rolling tide of first-wave feminism to a screaming halt.

It took a while for the early feminists like Nellie McClung and Emily Murphy to sense the change of atmosphere. Along with social reformers like Winnipeg's J. S. Woodsworth, they could see that much needed to be done in a young country that was rapidly industrializing and absorbing large numbers of immigrants. They began to agitate for minimum wages in sweatshops, gender equality under the law, more public health services, and better schools. But to their dismay, the momentum of the suffrage movement dissolved as a different kind of society emerged in postwar Canada. For four years, families had faced shortages, hardship, and the daily ordeal of casualty lists. With peace, it was almost as though there was a collective decision to turn the page on war's dreary awfulness and embrace the careless exuberance of the Jazz Age. Laws prohibiting the sale of alcohol were repealed. From Halifax to Vancouver, hotel lounges became the venues for *thés dansants* (tea dances) at which short-skirted women flirted, smoked cigarettes, and drank cocktails.

CP PHOTO

Today, female soldiers serve alongside their male counterparts. Capt. Nichola Goddard, right, sits with Lieut. Bryan Fleming in April 2006 in Afghanistan. Goddard, of the First Regiment of the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, was the first female Canadian soldier to be killed in combat.

This was not the brave new world that Nellie had in mind when she and her colleagues marched for the vote. Nellie McClung raged about women who didn't challenge the status quo and didn't think for themselves.

One of my favourite Nellie-isms is a sarcastic verse she had written a couple of years earlier:

Indifference and apathy brought the rolling tide of first-wave feminism to a screaming halt.

I hold it true — I will not change.
For changes are a dreadful bore —
That nothing must be done on earth
Unless it has been done before.

But during the 1920s, wheat sales soared, railways steamed across the land, Ontario's industries hummed, and the flappers just wanted to dance.

What the feminists faced was the universal dilemma confronted by reformers after they have won their first victories. Canadian women had united around the need for female suffrage. Now that the vote was won, they were divided on where to go next. Should they focus on social or political goals? By 1921, Agnes Macphail was sitting in the House of Commons in Ottawa and there were female faces in four provincial legislatures, but six lone women in the sea of male legislators were not enough to secure real change. How could women secure increased representation? Should women establish their own political party?

For a decade after the end of World War One, first-wave feminism appeared fragmented. The energy only re-emerged in 1928, when five Western feminists challenged the argument that women were ineligible to sit in the Canadian Senate because we were not defined as "persons" in the 1867 British North America Act, Canada's founding legislation. Once again, women had a single, simple question to galvanize their activism: If women are not "persons," what the heck are we?

Charlotte Gray, the 2003 recipient of the Pierre Berton Award, has published seven books of popular history, and is currently working on a book about the 1898 Klondike Gold Rush.

For a podcast interview with Tim Cook on the meaning of remembrance today, go to: thebeaver.ca

Et Cetera

Nellie McClung by Charlotte Gray. "Extraordinary Canadians" series, Penguin Group (Canada), Toronto, 2008.

The New Day Recalled: Lives of Girls and Women in English Canada 1919-1939 by Veronica Strong-Boag. Copp, Clark, Pitman and Penguin Books, Toronto, 1988.

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November 4-11, 2008.

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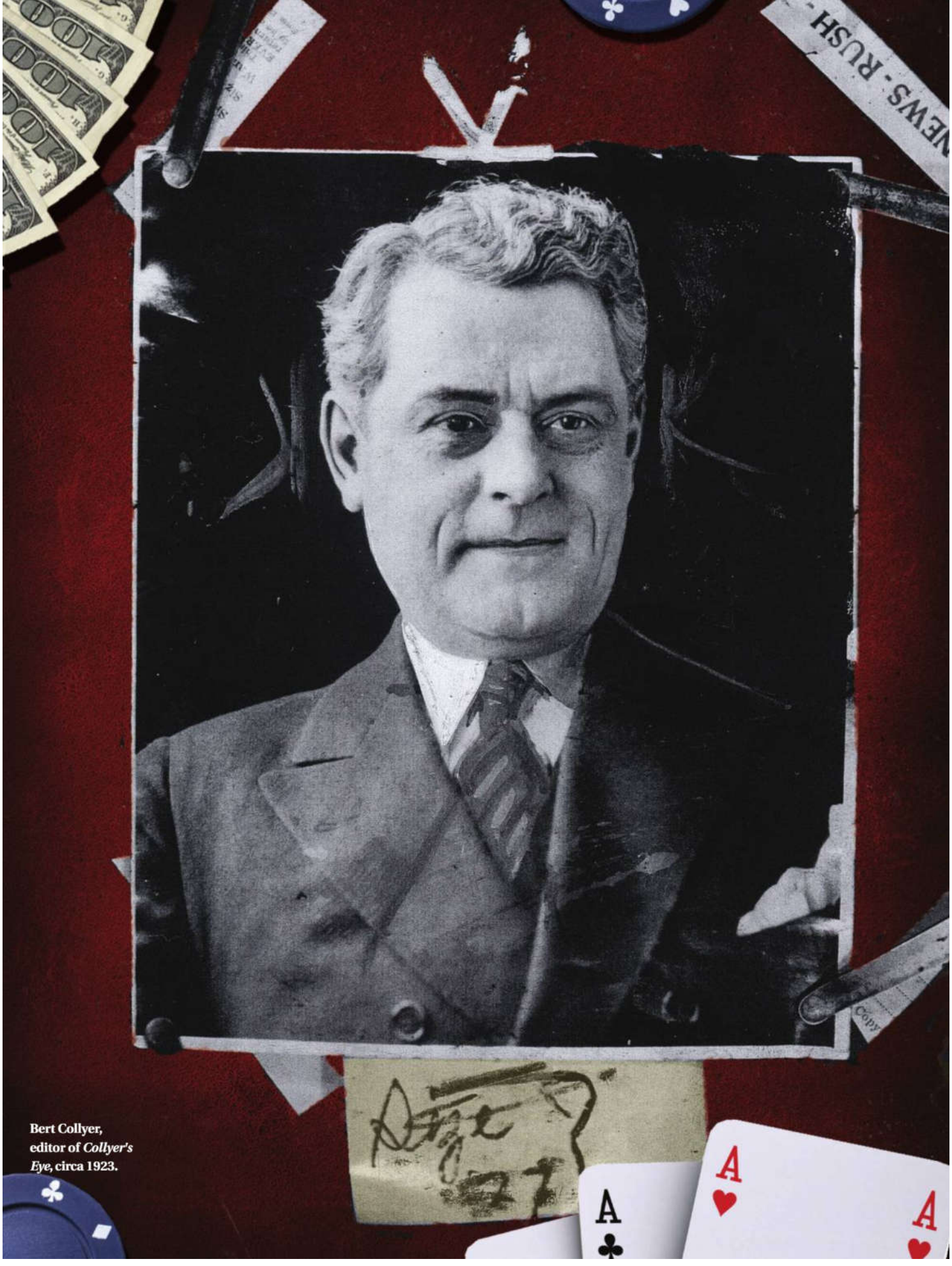


Bert Collyer, editor of *Collyer's Eye*, circa 1923.

EYE ON CORRUPTION

How a fearless Canadian newsman shed light on the shady underworld of American pro sports.

by Bob Carson

On the morning of October 18, 1919, Chicago newspaper reporter Frank O. Klein probably swallowed hard, took a deep breath, and tapped a trembling knuckle on the office door of his publisher.

Klein knew he was sitting on a powder keg, a huge story with deep tentacles and unpredictable repercussions. What he didn't know was whether his story would be printed. The sheaf of neatly typed papers in Klein's hand could bring down *Collyer's Eye* — a fearless little weekly gambling newspaper run by his Canadian-born boss, a man on a serious anti-corruption crusade.

Klein entered, settled into a chair, and stared across the mahogany desk into the steely eyes of his forty-three-year-old Ontario-born publisher, Bert Collyer.

The story in question concerned the shadowy spectre of scandal that surrounded the baseball World Series. The mighty Chicago White Sox had just stunned the sporting world by losing the series to the underdog Cincinnati Reds. From the first pitch, whispers in back rooms and betting venues were saying, "The fix was in." However, talk of "throwing" games was heard only in whispers — none dared to speak, let alone print the accusations that could bring down the national pastime of America.

Thus far, no editor, no publication had the courage to put the rumours into print. They had good reasons. The owner of the White Sox (soon to be called the "Black Sox"), Charles Comiskey, was a powerful man. Gamblers like Arnold "the Brain" Rothstein — a reputed gang kingpin — were dangerous and had infiltrated deeply into the sporting world. Litigation from accused ballplayers loomed. Reputations could be ruined, heroes tarnished, hearts broken, and careers ended in both sports and in publishing.

Sitting at his desk, Collyer — a Canadian outsider scorned as a sensationalist by his American peers — would have listened to his reporter outline the story. He would have asked about sources and looked over the list of accused ballplayers. Finally, it would have been decision time. If there was one thing Collyer couldn't stand in sports, it was a cheat.

Run it, Collyer told his reporter. All of it — front page.

CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY/MONTAGE MICHEL GROLEAU

Bert Collyer was a man of conscience in an age of crookery. Born into humble circumstances in Durham, Ontario, on September 6, 1876, Collyer had early aspirations of becoming a criminal lawyer. But he fell into journalism instead, rising quickly from cub reporter to publisher.

He grew up in Guelph, Ontario. As a teen, he may have honed his sense of justice and fair play from studying William Blackstone, the English jurist who wrote commentaries on English law in the 1700s. He left Canada briefly to live with an uncle in Michigan, but soon returned to complete his schooling and then found work in the newspaper world.

WHITE SOX INDICTMENTS VINDICATE COLLYER'S EYE

Grand Jury Probe Verifies Facts as Printed in This Paper

COLLYER'S EYE

INVOLVE HEYDLER IN CHASE EXPOSE

ASSERT ROTHSTEIN TALKED ONE WAY AND BET OTHER?

Vindicated!

AFFIDAVITS SHOW KNOWLEDGE OF GAMBLING

The Editor's Horn

STANDS TOO SMALL FOR SAFETY AT LATONIA TRACK

The Press Is All

INVOLVE 7 SOX IN WORLD'S SERIES SCANDAL

SOX REVEAL 'INSIDE' OF BIG SCANDAL?

EYE REFUSES TO ACCEPT ANY PART OF $40,000 REWARD

DISCOVER 'PAY OFF' JOINT IN WHITE SOX SCANDAL?

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY

This October 2, 1920, edition of *Collyer's Eye* carried a front-page story on the inquiry into the Black Sox scandal.

Collyer got a job writing for the Hearst paper chain as a cub reporter, where he spent five adventurous years covering stories about the Klondike gold rush. He later settled in Chicago and in 1905 began working for that city's Hearst Evening American. He went on to work with various Hearst newspapers in Chicago, Jacksonville, and the west coast of America.

It was an exciting time to be a newsman. It was a time when cultures clashed, prohibition loomed, and gangsters waged war for control of the streets.

Collyer soon branched out with his own publications. He was not shy about branding them with his own name: *Collyer's Eye, Collyer's Pocket Manual, Collyer's Yearbook*, Collyer's Publishing Company of Chicago Illinois.

It was *Collyer's Eye* that launched him into prominence.

Started in 1915, *Collyer's Eye* was not a traditional sporting publication. The *Eye* focused on gambling, in sports as well as business. On the latter, plenty of ink was spent reporting on the biggest gamble of all — the stock market.

The *Eye* prided itself on its "scoops" — exclusive stories that uncovered fraud in sport or finance, often taking on the rich and famous. From the start, Collyer had a rule that no writer could accept a bribe to bend the news. "The penalty was immediate dismissal," he wrote. This was a big change from the traditional buddy system where reporters tended to write flattering stories in return for good access to sources, thus being susceptible to manipulation from the owners, teams, and tracks

In a sixteen-page biographical profile in his own publication, dated April 7, 1923, Bert Collyer laid out his personal philosophy on both sports and life: "The one aim of my life has been to furnish the readers of all my publications information and specialized knowledge that is always on the square."

As the presses of *Collyer's Eye* rolled carrying news of the "Black Sox" scandal, Bert Collyer knew the story was important — and he knew the danger of running it. He recalled the episode later in an interview: "That was the most heart-rending thing I ever handled, because the hope of the paid puppets of the press lay in only one direction — that of discrediting me. If I had made just one single mistake I would have been journalistically damned for the rest of my life."

For decades, separating fact from fiction and the innocent from the guilty would consume and fascinate baseball historians. The story would be told in countless books, including the most recent and most detailed — *Burying the Black Sox: How Baseball's Cover-Up of the 1919 World Series Fix Almost Succeeded* (2006) by Gene Carney — and the most famous — *Eight Men Out* by Eliot Asinof, written in 1963 and made into a popular movie in 1988.

When the dust settled in 1920, eight players were implicated: Pitchers Ed Cicotte and Claude "Lefty" Williams; first baseman Charles "Chick" Gandil; centre fielder Oscar "Happy" Felsch; shortstop Charles "Swede" Risberg; utility man Fred McMullin; third baseman George "Buck" Weaver and one of the best and most popular stars ever, left fielder "Shoeless" Joe Jackson. None would play pro baseball again.

The professional sports world would never be the same.

CORBIS

Members of the 1919 Chicago White Sox pose for a team photo. The squad would come to be known as the "Black Sox" after allegations emerged that eight of its members had agreed to throw the World Series in return for bribes. The team went on to lose the series to the Cincinnati Reds. The eight men implicated were banned for life from playing professional baseball.

When the dust settled in 1920, eight players were implicated. None would play pro baseball again.

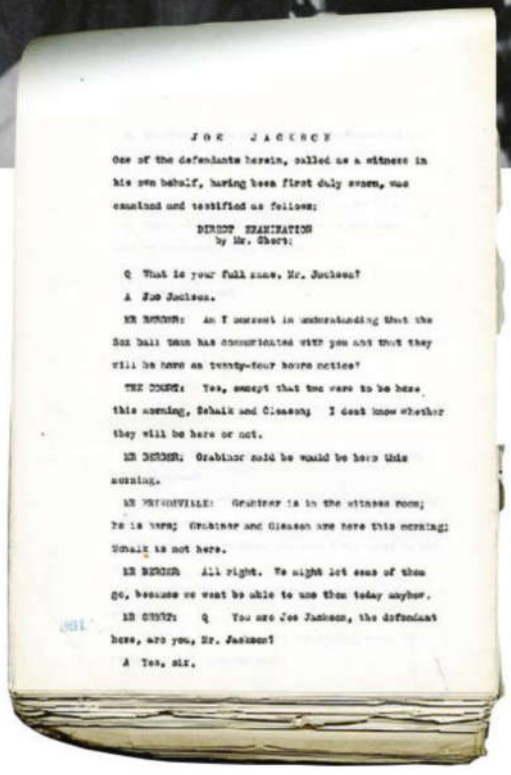
Being the point man on the Black Sox scandal was hardly the beginning or the end of Bert Collyer's crusade against gambling corruption.

The bold Canadian would find himself embroiled in numerous battles, including: the only loss of Man O' War, the greatest racehorse of all time (there were suspicions the race was fixed); a scam called P.I & T.O. — "put in and take out" — a dodge that made millions for investors and operatives in the U.S. and Canada; and a constant struggle to keep his favourite sport, horse racing, on the straight and narrow that saw him sued twice by racetracks.

Astonishingly, the story of the man responsible for exposing the Black Sox and other important scandals from 1915 to the late twenties was all but forgotten. *Collyer's Eye* was published for a relatively brief period — fourteen years. As the decades rolled by, back copies of the publication became increasingly hard to find. It seemed there was no longer any proof in print that Bert Collyer had exposed the Black Sox or had been the lead watchdog over the sleazy gambling climate of early sports.

The *Eye* might have gone into complete oblivion but for the fact the White Sox won the World Series in 2005. As the Sox marched to victory for the first time in eighty-eight years, writers and baseball historians delved into an obscure research library archive in Urbana, Illinois, where they examined a little-known and extremely rare collection of *Collyer's Eye* that had been languishing in the stacks. This in turn led

A scene from the so-called "Black Sox" court hearing. The eight accused players were eventually cleared by a grand jury, but their reputations and careers were ruined by the bribery- and match-fixing allegations.



JOE JACKSON

One of the defendants herein, called as a witness in his own behalf, having been first duly sworn, was examined and testified as follows:

DIRECT EXAMINATION
by Mr. Short:

Q What is your full name, Mr. Jackson?

A Joe Jackson.

MR ROTHMAN: As I understand it understanding that the Sox ball team has communicated with you and that they will be here on twenty-four hours notice?

THE COURT: Yes, except that two were to be here this morning, Schalk and Gleason. I dont know whether they will be here or not.

MR ROTHMAN: Grabiner said he would be here this morning.

MR FRIEDVILLE: Grabiner is in the witness room; he is here; Grabiner and Gleason are here this morning; Schalk is not here.

MR ROTHMAN: All right. We might let some of them go, because we want be able to use them today anyhow.

MR STRAT: Q You are Joe Jackson, the defendant here, are you, Mr. Jackson?

A Yes, sir.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE

Transcript of testimony given by White Sox player Joe Jackson.

to a brief flurry of excitement when it was discovered that some 1920s volumes dealing specifically with the Black Sox scandal had gone missing for no one knew how long. Bert Collyer's weekly was suddenly hot news again. Fortunately, after a barrage of media attention, the lost volumes were anonymously returned.

Just as the pages of *Collyer's Eye* opened the window on the early sports and gambling scene, the same pages — almost a century later — opened the window on the Canadian behind the remarkable publication. The anniversary issue of April 1923, with Collyer's biographical insert, gives a clear look at the man behind the masthead and allows his voice to again be heard.

Bert Collyer was a man with two countries. He applied for American citizenship in 1915, but he was born, raised, educated, married, and buried in Canada. Even when he lived in Chicago, he returned often to Canada and proudly referred to Guelph, Ontario, as his hometown.

Careful reading of *Collyer's Eye* displays a strong bias toward his homeland; every issue is peppered with stories from Canada. His Canadian-born wife Marie apparently worked as a proofreader and his brother Lolly was a key member of the writing staff.

Bert Collyer was a tidy, handsome man of average proportions possessing great confidence and business acumen.

In his 1923 biography, he said, "My Secret of Success? Just believe in myself — sometimes they call it 'guts.' I don't believe in luck. You make your own luck. A man has to believe in himself if he is to succeed — and he must grow everywhere but his hat band."

Digging for gambling corruption at the turn of the century did not require a big shovel, just a strong spine. Collyer and his reporters did not have to look hard to find sordid headlines. Compensation for athletes of this era was small, which made temptation large. Shady sports were everywhere. Enforcement was spotty.

Collyer's Eye quickly found a niche and became a success; subscribers scoured the pages looking for Bert Collyer's picks on horse races and the stock market. *Collyer's Eye* grew to eight pages and was read by over 100,000 readers. Collyer was soon recognized as a horse racing expert and a source of valuable information for all gamblers.

The mainstream press, perhaps out of embarrassment, never gave the popular *Collyer's Eye* much credit. Collyer was dismissed as a sensationalist, even when his stunning exposés proved to be true.

"My most caustic critics contended that sports and finances were diametrically opposed to one another, but I knew they were analogous," Collyer said in his biography.

"The Average Man despises the hippodromer [someone who arranges contests in which the winner is predetermined]. He wants to know what is going to happen in the market. He wants to know what horse has the best chance of winning some turf classic. He wants the truth about prize fighting, wrestling, baseball, billiards, and golf. More than anything else, he wants to know why he won or lost. He wants every game played on the square. He hates to lose money on a frame-up."

At the beginning of the twentieth century, *Collyer's Eye* stood virtually alone in defence of gambling integrity, according to author/historian Gene Carney, the leading expert on the Black Sox.

Carney was one of the first researchers to have scoured the pages of the recently discovered *Collyer's Eye* collection: "What strikes me as I read *Collyer's Eye* from the safe distance of over eight decades is how different it seems compared to the other newspapers of the day — the *Chicago Tribune*, the *New York Times*, and so on," Carney said in an interview. "The *Eye* stood alone against the winds of whitewash.... The *Eye* wrote about not just what their staff was uncovering ... but they also wrote about how the media (the other newspapers) were holding hands with each other, and with baseball, joining in 'the suppression' of the awful truth. Bert Collyer ... knew a cover-up when he saw one and he was not afraid to report it."

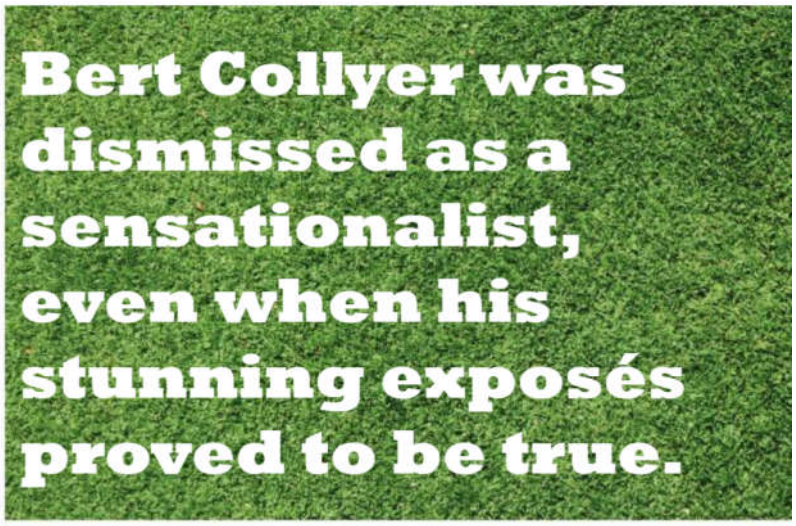
And report he did.

Collyer also travelled extensively and lived the high life to the tune of $50,000 per year. Alas, his health was poor. In his younger years he was stricken with meningitis, and several times throughout his life he returned to Ontario to recover from various illnesses.

On July 28, 1938, after being hospitalized for six weeks, the pioneering journalist died of a cerebral hemorrhage. He left behind his wife, his son, and an estate valued at over one million dollars.

Eulogized as "extremely charitable" and "compulsive to a degree," Bert Collyer and his popular publication did much to keep sports such as baseball and horse racing from falling into further disrepute.

In 1920, a few months after the ballplayers were suspended, Collyer reflected on his role:



> "The little whiff of smoke reported last fall by the *Eye* is now a smudgy black cloud of tremendous proportions. The fans are now sure that baseball has become honeycombed with the gambling virus. We took no particular satisfaction in being the first to expose the possibility in gambling having scotched the honesty of the national pastime last fall. We felt we were right, that we had the goods, which subsequent events have corroborated, and which a full, complete and unprejudiced investigation will fully prove up."

Bob Carson is a freelance writer who specializes in sports writing, particularly baseball and horse racing. He lives in Strongsville, Ohio.

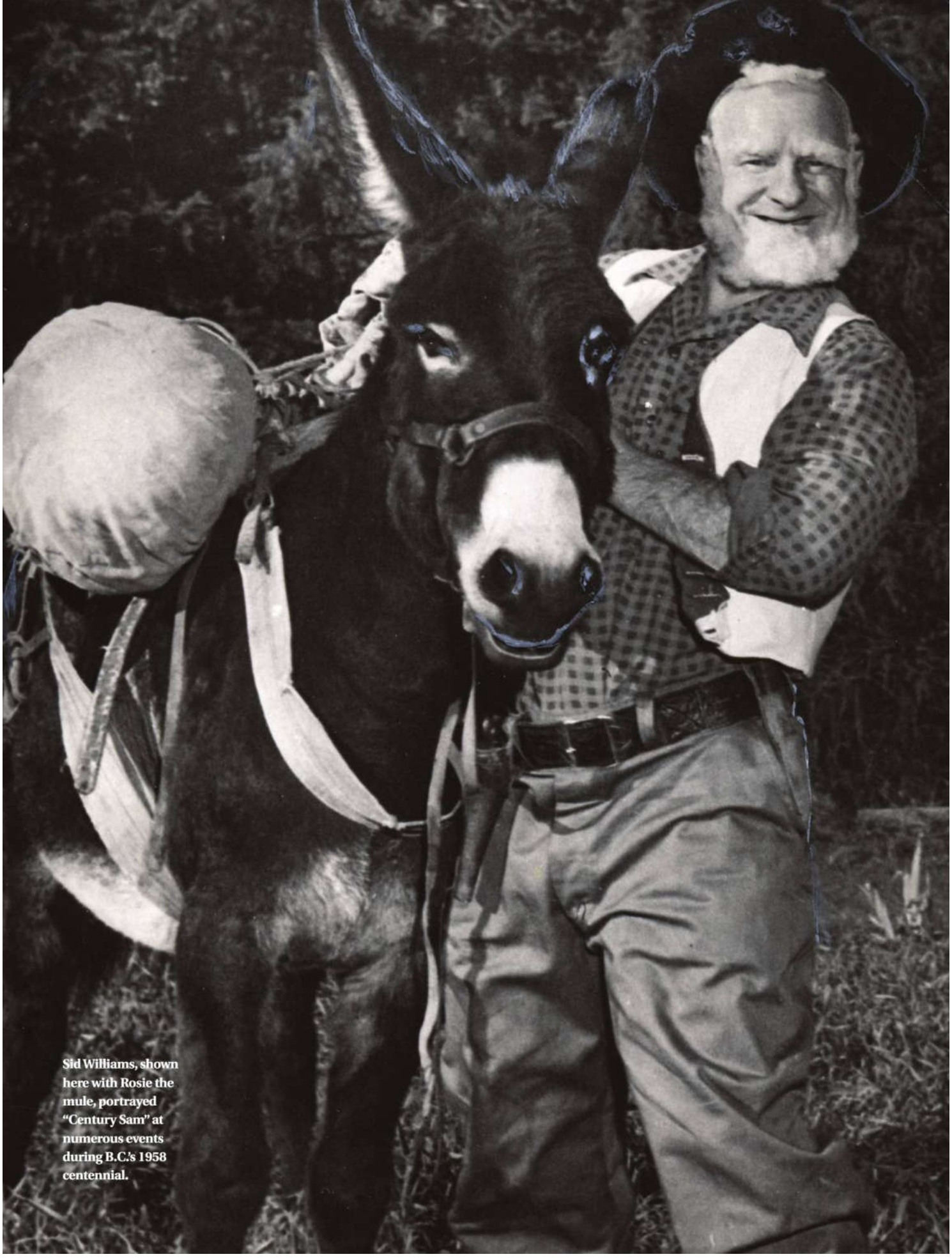
Et Cetera

Burying the Black Sox: How Baseball's Cover-Up of the 1919 World Series Fix Almost Succeeded by Gene Carney. Potomac Books, Dulles, Virginia, 2006.

8 Men Out: The Black Sox and the World Series by Eliot Asinof. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Austin, Texas, 1963.

To hear a podcast interview with writer Bob Carson, go to: www.thebeaver.ca

CORBIS



Sid Williams, shown here with Rosie the mule, portrayed "Century Sam" at numerous events during B.C.'s 1958 centennial.

SEARCHING FOR CENTURY SAM

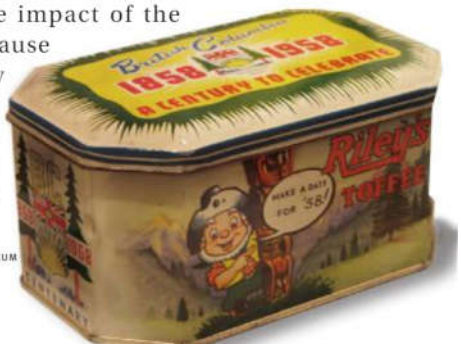
A golden past meets a spirited future as B.C. celebrates the Big 150.
by Christopher Moore

When I was a kid, I had a tin box. It was tall and deep, with a hinged lid and bright, coloured images of a cartoon figure called Century Sam all over it. The logo said "British Columbia: A Century to Celebrate 1858–1958." When it was new, the box had been filled with toffees.

I was not very old in 1958. It is my memory that I got my Century Sam tin box from Willow Point Public School, up the lake from Nelson in the Kootenays of B.C. To celebrate B.C.'s centennial, the province was distributing candy to schoolchildren.

Could that have happened? What department of education would give kids boxes of candy? I consulted my smarter older brother recently, and his memory matched mine precisely. For sure, the tin box was real; it was around our family home for years. Was my tin box part of the lost history of British Columbia?

Fifty years on, British Columbia is marking its 150th anniversary. Sorry kids, no candy. Actually, they may not be making so much of it at all. British Columbia writer and historian Jean Barman has written the text for a spectacular celebratory book called *British Columbia: Spirit of the People*, that B.C. commissioned for the occasion. But she cautions that the impact of the event may be limited because the funding was mostly for local events in smaller communities. "In Vancouver, most people would not know what you were talking about."



LANGLEY CENTENNIAL MUSEUM

At left: writer Christopher Moore, circa 1958. Below: an example of his beloved centennial toffee tin.

STUBBS COLLECTION AT THE COURTENAY AND DISTRICT MUSEUM

MCCORD MUSEUM/MP-1993.8.10.13

A Chinese miner hunts for gold along the Fraser River in 1885.

But back in 1958, the B.C. centennial was a big event. It came at just the right moment for the province, and people took to it in a big way.

In the 1950s, a great resource boom — B.C. exports grew fivefold from 1952 to 1972 — was generating new prosperity. Mia Reimers, who teaches history at Northwestern College in Terrace, B.C., says the province was being bound together as never before. "[The year] 1958 really was the whole process of defining ourselves as a modern province," she said. "Something was needed to bring the province together, to create a British Columbian identity."

"Beautiful British Columbia"; "The Good Life"; "Super Natural"; "Pacific Spirit" — you might say all of British Columbia's slogans grew out of the self-discovery of 1958.

Reimers recently completed a study of centenary-making in British Columbia. In thirteen years, the province managed to observe no less than four centenaries, but the first, in 1958, which marked the Fraser River gold rush and the founding of the mainland colony called British Columbia, was the one that left behind the infrastructure: centenary museums, community centres, and swimming pools all over the province. The year 1958 produced the province's first heritage preservations, at Barkerville and Fort Steele. There were recreations of historic events throughout the province. There were even beard-growing contests.

"Men actually did grow gold-rush beards for 1958," laughs Reimers. "In a sense, the spirit of 1858 allowed these 1950s men to throw off suburban domestication for a moment. And the province played up that gold rush, pioneer, entrepreneur image as a model for all the entrepreneurial resource development that was going on right then. It all fitted so well with the pro-business, resource-extraction, entrepreneurial attitude."

Then there was the ubiquitous Century Sam, a cartoon gold miner with no ties to historic realities, "a cross between a Walt Disney dwarf and Howdy Doody," someone said, but who now looks years ahead of his time as an effective brand image. (In 1958 Disney was just starting to explore the brand potential of Mickey, and the Olympics movement did not discover cute, furry mascots until 1968.)

They did something else to mark the centenary in 1958. They commissioned and published a history of the province, *British Columbia: A History*, by Margaret Ormsby.

As it happens, I knew Margaret Ormsby, who was a friend of a relative of ours. She probably provided my first intimation that historians were real — people who could be friends of your parents — and that big, serious books could be written about, well, about here.

British Columbia: A History is a big serious book, for sure. It is 566 pages in the edition I have, a meticulous reconstruction of the colony and province based on heroic research in Colonial Office files, politicians' papers, newspaper archives, and much else.

Jean Barman, who has written her own big history of B.C., *The West Beyond the West*, can't help comparing the Ormsby history commissioned for the hundredth anniversary and *Spirit of the People*, the 150th anniversary book to which she contributed.

Many critics have noted that Ormsby's 1958 viewpoint was entirely with the colonizers. First Nations

THE REAL CENTURY SAM

- Sid Williams of Courtenay, B.C., portrayed Century Sam, the province's popular centennial mascot in 1958.
- Williams portrayed the miner in three other centenaries: 1966 (unification of the colonies of B.C. and Vancouver Island); 1967 (Canada's Confederation, in which he was paired with Centennial Sue) and 1971 (B.C.'s joining of Confederation. He updated his look that year by dressing in a spacesuit).
- Williams was an actor, comedian, businessman, mountaineer, gold prospector, and local politician. He also made guest appearances on *The Beachcombers* and received the Order of Canada in 1984.
- Century Sam Lake in the Comox Valley of Vancouver Island was named for Williams, who died in 1991 at the age of 92.

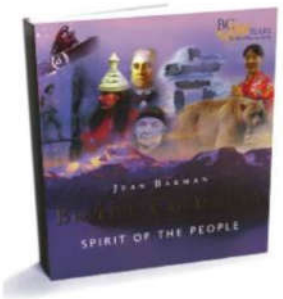
LANGLEY CENTENNIAL MUSEUM

A Chinese dancing Lion makes its way along the streets of Vancouver. B.C. today enjoys a diverse, multicultural society.

exist in it mostly as an administrative problem; events such as the internment of Japanese Canadians in 1942 are barely mentioned. (Indeed, Reimers' study shows the 1958 organizers carefully limited First Nations participation in that year's events.) *Spirit of the People*, by comparison, is relentlessly, gorgeously multicultural. "Someone said to me, 'There are no white people in your book!'" says Barman. (There are.)

VANCOUVER TOURISM

Above: Cosmopolitan Vancouver is Canada's window on the Pacific.



Right: Jean Barman's *British Columbia: Spirit of the People.*

Today's British Columbia is a Pacific Rim society where a quarter of the population has Asian roots. The province's new history notices that the British Columbia mosaic has always included Chinese, Japanese, black refugees from slavery, Hawaiians, Portuguese, Finns, Swedes, and the First Nations.

But Barman thinks the two books also suggest a change in our sense of history books. In 1958, officials commissioned a massive, authoritative academic study. This year's *Spirit of the People* is a large-format picture book — a full-colour collection of British Columbia art and photography and a collage of stories and sidebars — in which the historical narrative might almost be missed.

"The people in government, I admire the way they thought about it," Barman says. "It really does show the difference in fifty years, the way my book is structured. If you want people to read this book, this is what you have to do."

Each book reflects the British Columbia of its times. In 1958, British Columbia's leaders saw themselves as pioneering and entrepreneurial, authoritatively taking charge of their province and its image — just as their serious, authoritative history does. In 2008, the message is all about "spirit," and the history book is relaxed, inclusive, tolerant, good-humoured, and diverse.

There is something of that in the British Columbia I see every time I visit.

Port Alberni, a town on Vancouver Island, came up recently in conversation. There used to be one certainty there. If the forestry mills ever closed, everyone said, they would roll up the sidewalks and close the town. Well, the industry has been hit very hard. But Port Alberni seems to be relaxed and tolerant about it. It's re-emerged as a tourist centre, a retirement community, and a local service centre, and things look brighter than ever.

Count on that old resource economy from 1958, and you worry about British Columbia. The forests have the pine beetle. Salmon stocks are dicey every year. Mining has all been bought by foreign interests.

But look for that Pacific Spirit mood. Somehow the place seems to be thriving.

Certainly, B.C. is not the same place it was when I was a boy sucking on Century Sam toffees. Speaking of which, I asked everyone I spoke to if they shared my vivid memory of the province giving free candy to school kids.

They all knew Century Sam. The Royal British Columbia Museum has a terrific BC 150 exhibit, with plenty of Century Sam. But the great toffee giveaway? Free centenary candy was news to Jean Barman. Mia Reimers, who knows everything about 1958, had never heard of it either. The Century Sam tin is not even for sale on eBay, so there cannot have been many of them.

For nearly fifty years, I believed the government of my province celebrated 1858 by giving candy to school kids. Now I concede my tin box probably came from an indulgent relative. Research shatters yet another fond illusion.

Christopher Moore comments regularly in *The Beaver*.

Et Cetera

British Columbia: Spirit of the People by Jean Barman was published by Harbour Books in 2008. Mia Reimers's doctoral dissertation, "*British Columbia at its Most Sparkling Colourful Best*," was completed in 2007.

Building British Columbia: Key moments

Pre-contact

Bountiful B.C. Coastal British Columbia is populated by indigenous peoples with complex hierarchal societies who enjoy an abundance of food and other natural resources.

1774 The Spanish fly by. Spanish navigator Juan José Pérez Hernández sails along the West Coast near Vancouver Island and the Queen

Charlottes, opening up Spanish exploration and trade in the region.

1778 The British land. Captain James Cook lands in Nootka Sound, giving Britain a foothold on the coast.

1793 The first cross-Canada trek. Alexander Mackenzie, an employee of the North West Com-

pany, arrives in B.C. by land, the first European to complete a cross-Canada journey.

1843 The Bay sets up shop. The Hudson's Bay Company establishes Fort Victoria (present-day Victoria) as a fur trading post. Later, it merges with the North West Company, and virtually governs B.C.

1846 Drawing the line. U.S. and Britain agree on 49th parallel as the border, with all of Vancouver Island retained as British territory.

1857 Gold fever. Gold is discovered in the sandbars of the Fraser River, sparking a series of gold rushes.

1871 Signing on with Canada. B.C. becomes Canada's fifth province.

1914 Shameful treatment. The *Komagata Maru* is turned away from Vancouver harbour with 374 Sikhs aboard at the height of the province's anti-Asian immigration period.

1921 First among women. Mary Ellen Smith, a member of B.C.'s legislature, becomes the first woman

in the British Empire to be appointed a cabinet minister and speaker of a legislative assembly.

1942 Japanese internment. Thousands of Japanese-Canadians are interned during World War 2.

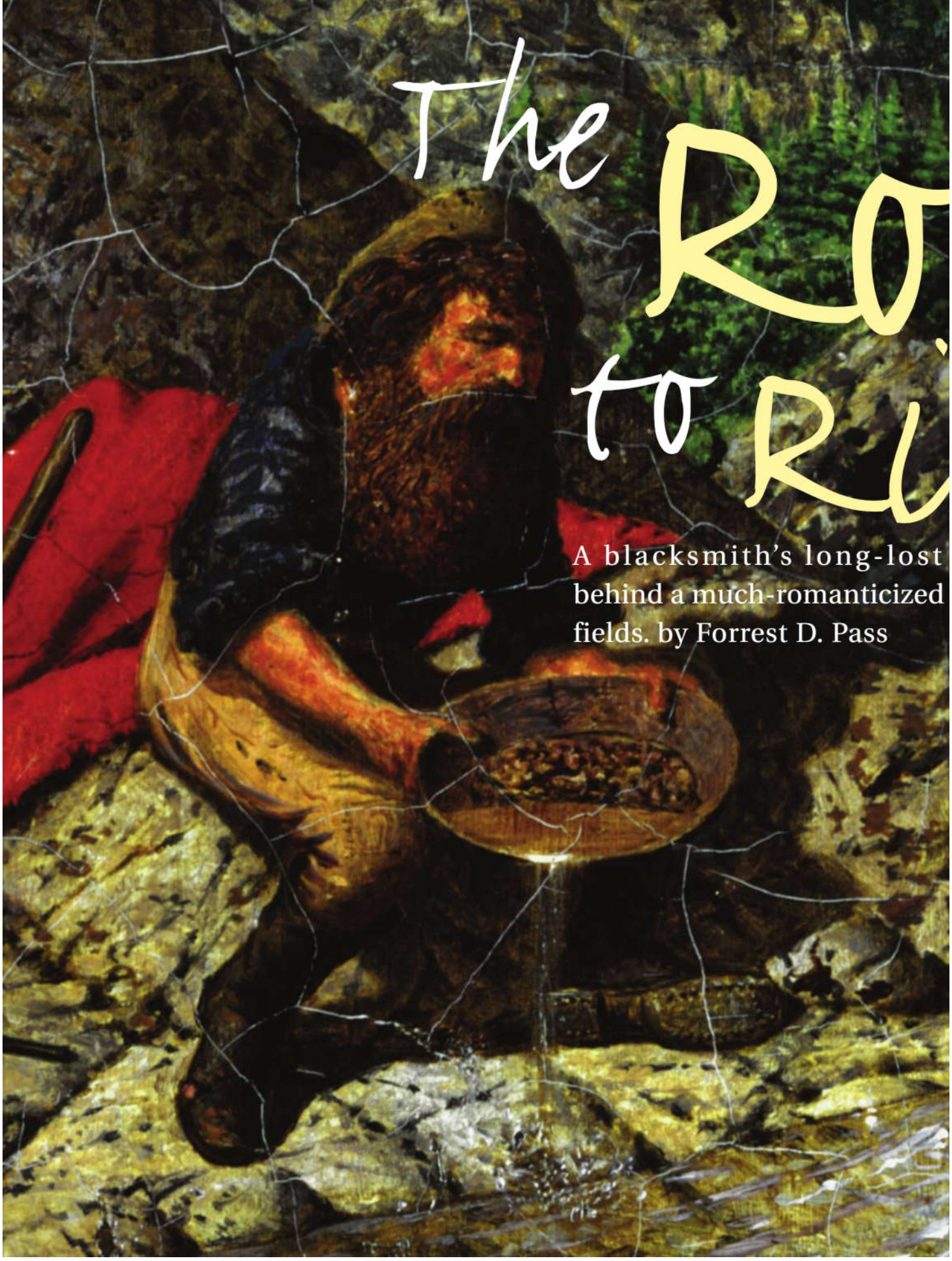
1964 Power pact. Columbia River Treaty, a major hydroelectric deal, is signed with the U.S.

1971 Hippie war. Baton-wielding police on horseback crack down on long-haired youth in the Gastown Riot.

1986 Hosting the world. Expo '86 brings the world to Vancouver's doorstep.

2000 The Nisga'a Treaty. The first modern-day treaty in B.C. comes into legal effect.

2010 Hosting the world, again. Vancouver prepares for the 2010 Winter Olympics.

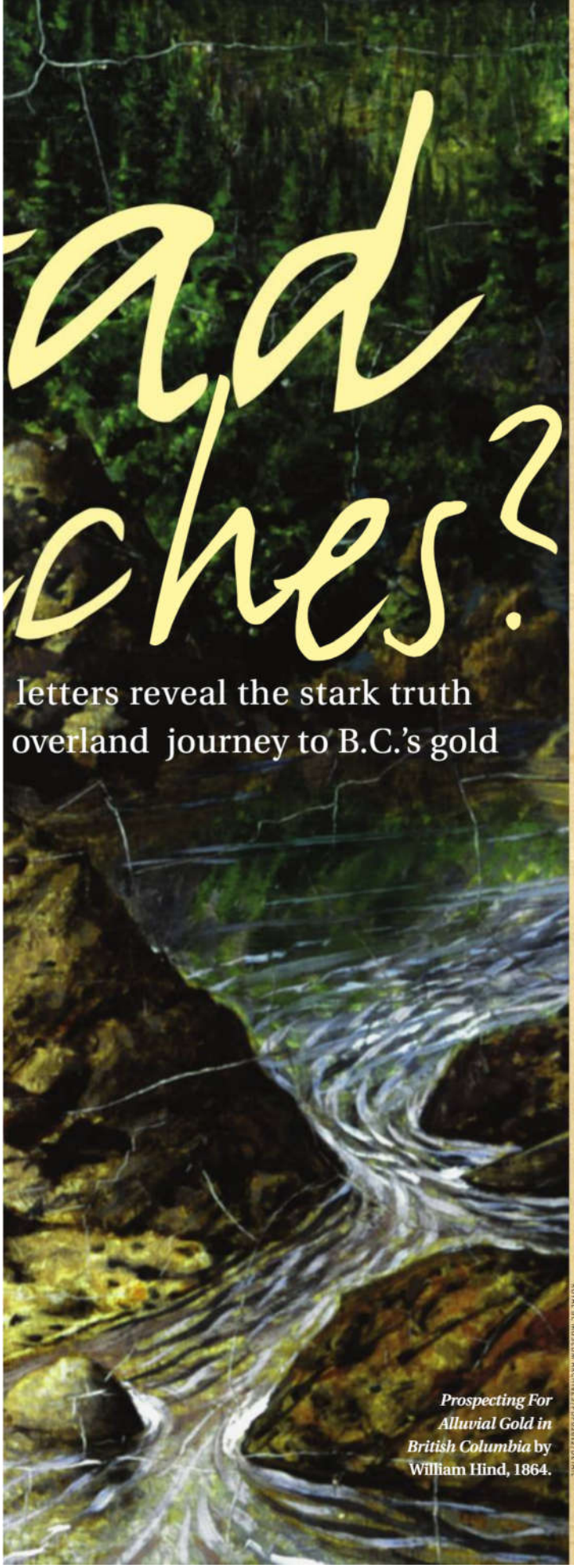


The RO
to RI

A blacksmith's long-lost
behind a much-romanticized
fields. by Forrest D. Pass

ad ches?

letters reveal the stark truth overland journey to B.C.'s gold



Prospecting For Alluvial Gold in British Columbia by William Hind, 1864.

ROYAL BC MUSEUM ARCHIVES/PDP02613/DETAIL

In late July 1862, in a tent outside the Hudson's Bay Company stockade at Fort Edmonton, a blacksmith from Niagara Falls penned a newsy letter home to his brothers and sisters. En route to the Cariboo goldfields of British Columbia, Archibald Thompson had already ventured more than three thousand kilometres by train, steamboat, Red River cart, and on foot, across the American Midwest and Canadian Prairies.

However, his greatest adventures were yet to come. From Fort Edmonton, he would cross the Rocky Mountains and brave the perilous canyons of the North Thompson River. It would take him over two months to reach Kamloops by this dangerous mountain route. On the eve of his departure from this last outpost of civilization, Thompson promised to send "a better account of the tramp when I get to Carriboo [sic] if nothing happens to me." For a young tradesman from present-day Ontario, it was the journey of a lifetime.

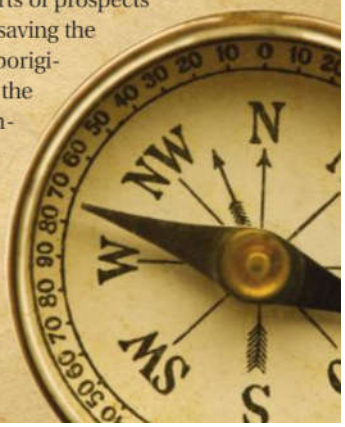
Thompson was one of a quixotic party from Eastern Canada and upstate New York who tramped across the continent in the summer of 1862. The route was more dangerous than the more conventional route to British Columbia, by sea via Panama and California. And like several other "Overlanders," as they became known, Thompson left a record of his journey and his impressions of the Canadian West.

The version of the trip penned by the leader of Thompson's party, shopkeeper and politician Thomas McMicking, is the best known. McMicking wrote his account for publication, filling his narrative with detailed assessments of the lands and resources he encountered.

Thompson's record was more modest: a series of private letters to his siblings, assuring them of his safety and describing his experiences in the wilderness far from home. Long believed to have been lost, Thompson's letters have recently been rediscovered and they offer a fascinating glimpse into the experiences of an ordinary man on an extraordinary journey.

Archibald Thompson was born in Stamford Township, Upper Canada, in 1830, into a respected farming family that had already played an active role in early Canadian history. His grandfather, John, was a Loyalist from New York who in 1785 had settled on a promontory of land high above "the Whirlpool" — an eddy of the Niagara River some six kilometres below the falls — at a site now called Thompson Point. James Thompson, Archibald's father, served as an ensign in the 2nd Lincoln Militia during the War of 1812, and his uniform is today on display at the Lundy's Lane Historical Museum in Niagara Falls. Archibald was James' seventh child, but beyond his vital statistics little is known of his life before his departure for the Cariboo. He apprenticed as a blacksmith and married Martha Brown in 1853. Martha died, leaving Thompson to raise their daughter Anna. She was only eight years old when her father left for the far West.

Methodist missionaries from Toronto who travelled to Victoria in the winter of 1859 penned sunny reports of prospects out West. This pious group was intent on saving the souls of godless miners and "heathen" aboriginal peoples alike. Through the columns of the *Christian Guardian*, the Toronto Methodist newspaper, and reprints in the secular press, the missionaries' encouraging reports of the prospects of the Pacific colonies reached a significant audience throughout present-day Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritimes.

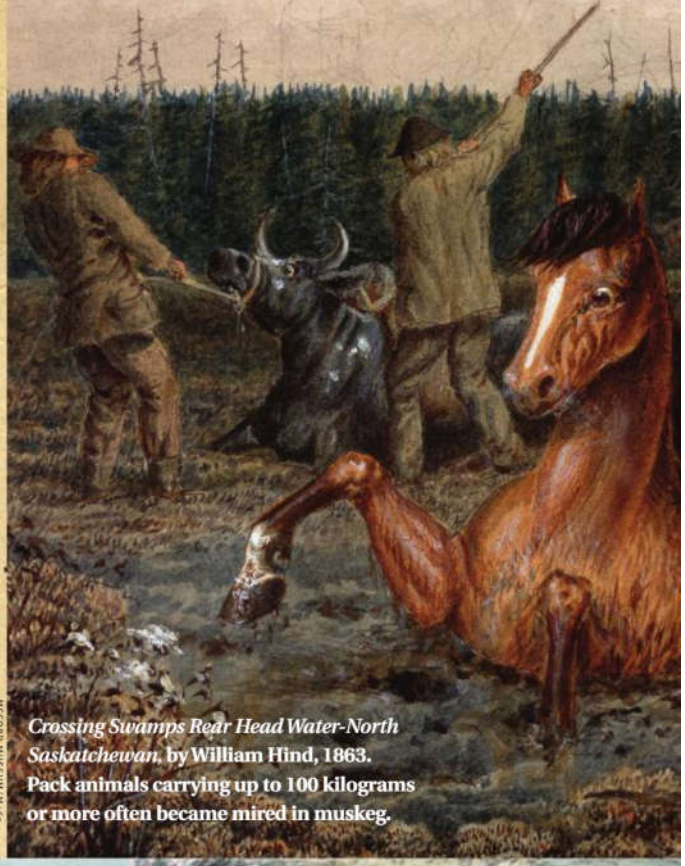


When reports of rich gold discoveries in the Cariboo district, deep in the British Columbia interior, reached the East in 1862, most Canadians had a vague and not necessarily positive image of the Pacific coast. Yet gold fever still spread throughout the eastern colonies. While most gold-seekers chose the sea route, some attempted to reach the goldfields overland, through the Hudson's Bay Company territories and the Rocky Mountains.

Archibald Thompson joined the party organized in the Niagara Region by Thomas McMicking. Thompson left Niagara Falls with the McMicking party on April 23, travelling by rail across the American Midwest and then north into present-day Manitoba by steamboat via the Red River, which was swollen by spring floodwater.

"We had not left Georgetown [Minnesota] one hour until we ran into the woods on the bank of the river, the water being up over the banks," Thompson wrote from Fort Garry (Winnipeg). "When we ran into the woods we tore down the smokestacks and ran over trees as large as my body and ran them right down under the water. It is the crookedest river I ever seen."

This setback aside, he arrived safe and sound at Fort Garry, where the preparations for the journey to British Columbia began in earnest. Carts, tents, and



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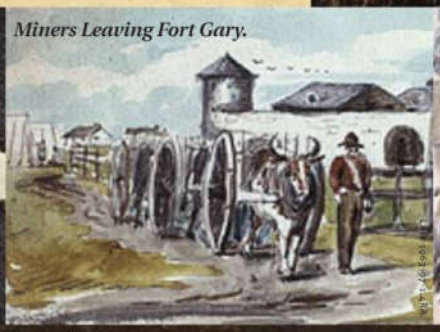
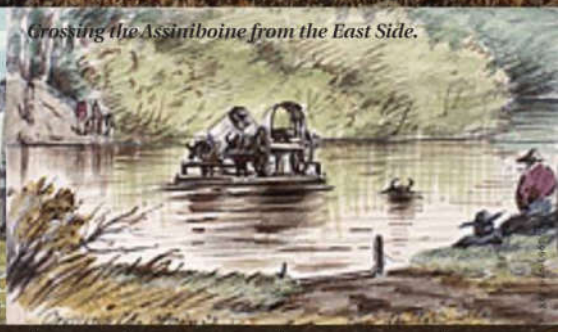
***Crossing Swamps Rear Head Water-North Saskatchewan*, by William Hind, 1863. Pack animals carrying up to 100 kilograms or more often became mired in muskeg.**

An artist among the Overlanders



Miners Leaving Fort Gary.



Crossing the Assiniboine from the East Side.

British-born artist William Hind (b.1833-d.1889) accompanied the Overlanders on their 1862 trek. Hind left]. He returned to the Cariboo goldfields in 1864, creating brilliant colour paintings.

pemmican — "buffalo meat packed in buffalo skin," Thompson explained to his brother — were procured for the party, now numbering 150. On June 2, the Overlanders set out westward and Thompson offered his observations of the country.

> Reports of rich gold discoveries in the Cariboo District, deep in the B.C. interior, reached the East. Gold fever soon spread throughout the eastern colonies.

"We traveled over a vast prairie with no timber except some small popular [sic] and some places we had hard work to get enough to cook our meals with. About one tenth of the whole country is covered with small lakes and rivers … There is some splendid country but very bad water the most of it."

This was rather wilder country than the group had previously experienced, and they encountered a few setbacks. The guide they had hired at Red River abandoned them after several days, but as Thompson wrote, "we travelled the rest of the road to Fort Pitt [in present-day Saskatchewan near the Alberta boundary and north of Lloydminster] without any guide and had no trouble to find the road."

Further west it rained for eleven days, forcing the travellers to walk for hours through water up to their knees and then through a waist-deep lake. Still, Thompson remained cheerful. "It was about a quarter of a mile wide," he wrote

The Overlanders

Who were they? Fortune-seekers who journeyed overland from Eastern Canada to get to the Cariboo goldfields in B.C. in 1862. They were mostly young men, but there was one woman. Catherine Schubert, who travelled with three young children and gave birth to a fourth upon arrival at Fort Kamloops. A number of different groups on the same route eventually joined up so that there were more than 150 by the time they left the Red River settlement in present-day Winnipeg.

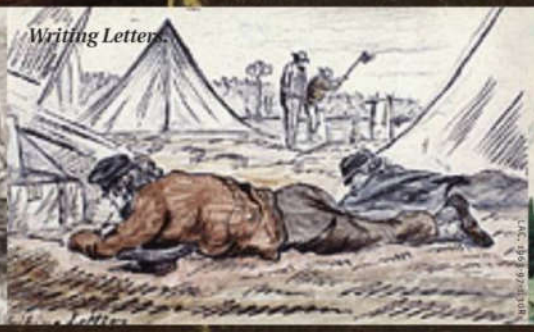
What route did they take? They started in Eastern Canada, travelled through the American Midwest by rail, up the Red River to Fort Garry (Winnipeg) by steamboat, across the Prairies by foot and Red River cart, and through the mountains by packhorse and raft.

What difficulties did they face? The long journey took several months, with the most difficult stretch being the mountain crossing at the end. Their provisions ran dangerously low and their rafts, laden with themselves, their gear, and their livestock, overturned in the dangerous rapids of the Fraser and Thomson rivers. Six died.

What became of them? Disillusioned by reports from unsuccessful miners, most went straight to the coast and pursued other lines of work. Some went on to become prominent in the development of B.C.

What made their trek significant? Most gold-seekers to B.C. were American and came by ship. This group of British North Americans, by crossing the Rocky Mountains as a group, helped show that the geographical barriers to union between B.C. and the rest of Canada could be overcome.

Ox cart crossing a river.



Writing Letters.

Rocky Mountains.

recorded the trip through a series of sketches and watercolours [contained in the sketchbook, shown above

of the lake, "and we all thought it fun. Our pants was [sic] wet for eleven days but we never took them of [sic] at all but went to bed with them on and the most of us went bare footed for a week." He even expressed some disappointment that the "Wild West" had proved rather tame, having not encountered many aboriginal people or wild animals.

But after leaving Fort Edmonton at the end of July, the group's fortunes changed. Almost six months passed before Thompson wrote to his family again.

That letter, posted from Victoria, described his crossing of the Rocky Mountains through the Yellowhead Pass. The going was hard enough along the muddy track up the Athabasca River to Jasper House. "Then came the climbing," Thompson recalled. With some understatement, he described the ascent of the pass that reaches an elevation of over a thousand metres. "We took our horses up the mountains till we were above the clouds and then down the other side in the valey [sic] and then up mountains again."

On August 27 they reached the Fraser River at Tête Jaune Cache. Here the party split. The larger group, still under McMicking's leadership, descended the Fraser to the mines. Thompson volunteered to take their horses overland to the Thompson River, a distance of about one hundred kilometres. Upon reaching the river, Thompson and his companions built makeshift rafts, confident that these would carry themselves and their livestock to Kamloops, almost five hundred kilometres to the southwest.

"The Indians told us that we could get the horses down that way but they told us a lie," he wrote, realizing too late that he had seriously underestimated the difficulty of the river below. Two days' journey downstream, Thompson's raft hit a snag. Unable to dislodge the vessel, he let the horses swim ashore, and made camp on the banks awaiting rescue. The next day, cold and hungry after a rainy night in the bush, he managed to free the raft, and continued to drift with the current.

They were not out of danger, however, for the next day the rafters reached the Murchison Rapids. Benjamin Baltzly, a photographer who visited the region eleven years later, offered a terrifying description of this treacherously narrow canyon: "Here the rocks close in on each side, so the river has but a very narrow channel through which it flows. Immediately below this channel … is a large boulder of rock … and on each side of it is a fall of about six feet … The walls of rock on each side are jagged, and appear as if they had been rudely severed asunder in some age." As they approached the point of no return, two of Thompson's companions managed to jump ashore, but were unable to secure the raft, which continued swiftly towards the rapids with Thompson, his friend John Fannin, and their horses still aboard. The two men were able to save themselves by leaping onto a rock midstream — possibly the very boulder Baltzly described — where they remained until their comrades were able to rescue them by canoe. Thompson's raft was then dashed against the rocks, and one of the horses was lost in the maelstrom.

After the excitement of the rapids, the rest of the journey was peaceful. On October 11, the party arrived, sick and hungry, at Kamloops, where the normally robust Thompson spent two days in bed with a sore throat. He then departed for the coast, stopping briefly at Lytton to earn some money working on a construction crew on the Cariboo wagon road. After his adventures, he was still upbeat, and anxious to keep in touch with his family at home. "I weigh two hundred and three pounds, a pretty good weight for a boy," he wrote to his brother, whom he urged to "write as soon as this comes to hand and let me know all the news."

That winter, and all of 1863, he remained in Victoria, where he found work as a blacksmith. He did fairly well. Though wages were lower than he had anticipated — disappointed miners provided plenty of cheap labour — Thompson reckoned he could save seventy dollars a month, which he sent home to pay his property taxes and to support his daughter. He "kept cabin" with several other men. "We have a pine table and five stools and a broom and some dishes and our landlord finds us a good cook stove and a straw bed a piece and two blankets," he wrote, "That is about the amount of our household chattels."

Victoria, as Thompson knew it, was still very much a frontier town, where the hanging of aboriginal prisoners for the murder of white settlers provided a gruesome form of public entertainment. With such stories Thompson regaled his family, but if he felt isolated, he did not reveal it in his letters. Through the newly inaugurated American transcontinental telegraph line, he was able to keep in touch with events in the East. "We get all the news almost as quick as you do," he wrote his brother. "We get the news from New York here in five days."

It is unclear if Thompson ever made it to the Cariboo goldfields, though his last letter intimated that he was preparing to leave Victoria for the mines.

Perilous journey: The western leg of the 1862 trek

Found letters a godsend

The survival of the Thompson letters is remarkable in itself. Archibald's family evidently preserved the letters for over sixty years, a testament to the importance of the journey in family memory.

In 1925, Mark Sweeten Wade, a physician and historian in Kamloops, began research on a history of the Overlanders and came into contact with Emma Dennis, Thomas McMicking's sister. Dennis agreed to search for research materials in the Niagara Falls area and, two months later, she sent Wade the Thompson letters. He quoted extensively from one of the letters in his book, *The Overlanders of '62*. However, Wade died in 1929 before the manuscript was complete, and it was published posthumously as a memoir of the Provincial Archives of British Columbia.

Though meticulously researched, the book lacked comprehensive footnotes and a bibliography, making it difficult for scholars to locate the sources Wade had used, and several of these, including the Thompson letters, were assumed to have been lost. Wade's family donated his papers to the Kamloops Museum and Archives in 1987, but until the summer of 2006 no historian had consulted the records extensively.

The Archibald Thompson correspondence is an example of the forgotten personal stories that remain to be uncovered in Canada's local archives.

His letters generally conveyed his disappointment with British Columbia. He discouraged others from attempting the journey he had made, and, like many other disaffected gold seekers, he criticized the Methodist missionaries whose reports had encouraged so many to emigrate. "Some of our preachers are the biggest liars that we have in this country," he complained. "You mind the big stories that they wrote to the Canada papers."

His disillusionment stood in contrast to the rosy patriotism of Thomas McMicking, who hoped one day to see Eastern Canada, "with its golden fields," and British Columbia, "with her fields of gold," united into a single nation, a dream realized when B.C. joined Confederation in 1871. Unlike several other Overlanders, including McMicking, and even his own rafting companion, John Fannin, Thompson chose not to remain in the colony permanently. After sojourning in California and Michigan, he returned to Niagara Falls, remarried, and became superintendent of the Canada Southern Railway's cantilever bridge over the Niagara Gorge. His daughter Anna never married, and lived with her father and stepmother until her death in 1899. Thompson outlived his daughter by ten years, and was buried alongside her in Stamford Presbyterian Cemetery. His brief obituary made no mention of his transcontinental trek.

Archibald Thompson may never have achieved the fame of others associated with the Overland journey, but his letters are nevertheless an extraordinary record. To historians today, they suggest what an ordinary traveller from Ontario thought of the regions that would later become Western Canada. To an anxious family back home, they provided a rare glimpse of the virtually unknown country that lay between Fort Garry and the Pacific. Through their private correspondence, Thompson, his fellow Overlanders, and others who settled in British Columbia, helped to give Eastern Canadians their first impressions, for better or for worse, of a country that would one day be their own.

Forrest D. Pass is completing his PhD in Canadian history at the University of Western Ontario. His research examines eastern Canadian perceptions of British Columbia during the nineteenth century.

Et Cetera

The Overlanders of '62 by Mark Sweeten Wade. Frontier Books, Surrey, B.C., 1981 (First published in 1931).

Hindsight: William Hind in the Canadian West by Mary Jo Hughes. Winnipeg Art Gallery, Winnipeg, 2002.

To view an interactive map, as well as sketches of the Overlanders' journey, go to: thebeaver.ca

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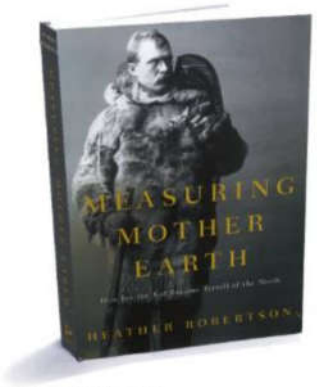

SCHEMES OF THE NORTH

Measuring Mother Earth: How Joe the Kid Became Tyrrell of the North
by Heather Robertson
McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 2007
360 pp., illus., $34.99 hardcover

Joseph Burr Tyrrell was undoubtedly one of the iconic figures associated with the opening of the Canadian Northwest at the end of the nineteenth century. After all, how many naturalists, geologists, and explorers can claim the discovery of Canada's first dinosaur fossil, the mapping of undiscovered country in the Far North, pioneering work on glacial history, and the accumulation of a small fortune in mining development as part of their resumé?

But as the prolific author Heather Robertson makes clear in her recent biography, the mythic Tyrrell of the North was largely a fabrication of biographer William J. Louden's 1930 portrait *A Canadian Geologist* (which Tyrrell clandestinely co-authored) and of subsequent fawning magazine articles (including one in this publication in December 1952) that fed the public appetite for heroic figures who prevailed in the struggle to tame the Canadian North.

Robertson paints a much less flattering though nonetheless fascinating portrait of a man whose life was marked by personal and professional failure. Tyrrell failed to produce complete maps or meaningful geological data on his storied expeditions through the eastern Arctic in the 1890s on behalf of the Geological Survey of Canada, relying instead on the ingenuity of his guides merely to survive. He speculated in mine properties from the Klondike to the gold and silver belts of northern Ontario, nearly ruining his family finances many times while somehow failing to notice rich ore bodies that others discovered only months later.

An extremely self-absorbed man, Tyrrell refused to lend one hundred dollars to his brother James (who had

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provided indispensable assistance on the northern journeys) as hard times hit during the Depression. His erratic business dealings and frequent absences placed an almost intolerable strain not only on his relationships to his wife Dollie and his children, but also on those with his colleagues. He faced bitter shareholder and management revolts while at the helm of his Kirkland Lake mining operation.

Even the dinosaur discovery hid a tragic failure: Tyrrell's inexperience and haste to retrieve his valuable find resulted in the shattering of the fossilized skull.

If Robertson's biography was simply the story of this one man's grim failings, it might prove a difficult read. Yet her work captures brilliantly both the spirit of boosterism and the amateurism associated with the opening of northern Canada. In this age of hypercredentialism, it is difficult to imagine that a man such as Tyrrell could practise archaeology, geology, and mine engineering with no training in any of these fields, but such was the freewheeling nature of business development in the hinterland of a relatively young and underpopulated country. Robertson's account of the big schemes and failed dreams of these heady times is both evocative and very entertaining.

On a more intimate scale, Robertson's adroit use of Tyrrell's family letters provides a revealing portrait of a man determined to make it big on the fringes of Canada's northern development empire. Although Robertson at times uses too many overly long quotes, her own vivid writing nevertheless reveals the inner world of this most complex and contradictory hero of the northern exploration period.

Measuring Mother Earth is a valuable and highly readable revision of the myth accorded Joseph Tyrrell as a pioneering figure in the history of northern development. Robertson not only effectively captures the life of a fascinating individual, she has made an important contribution to the growing number of popular and academic histories that analyze the origins of the development ethos in the Canadian North.

Reviewed by **John Sandlos**, an assistant professor of history at Memorial University of Newfoundland. His research interests include environmental history, aboriginal people and conservation, and mining in northern Canada.

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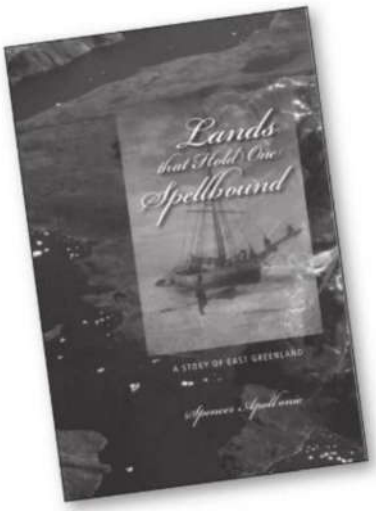

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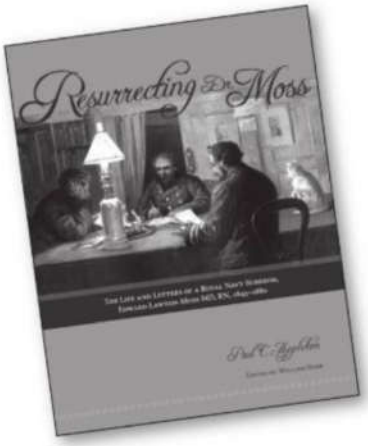

RESURRECTING DR. MOSS: The Life and Letters of a Royal Navy Surgeon, Edward Lawton Moss, MD, RN, 1843–1880
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Northern Lights Series no. 10

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Author, artist, explorer scientist, pioneering medial officer, and founding father of the Esquimalt Naval Base hospital on Canada's west coast, Dr. Edward Lawton Moss was the Royal Navy Surgeon on the last great British north polar expedition of the 19th century, and Medical Officer on the HMS Atalanta when it disappeared en route from Bermuda in 1880.

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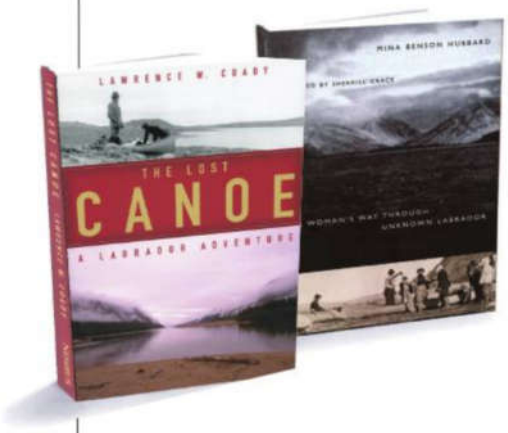

BACKPADDLING

The Lost Canoe: A Labrador Adventure
by Lawrence W. Coady
Nimbus Publishing, Halifax, 2008
256 pp., illus., $21.95 paperback

A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador
by Mina Benson Hubbard
edited by Sherrill E. Grace
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2008
324 pp., illus., $29.95 paperback

"*Hardy and Porter once more, and for the last time, climbed up Bear Ravine to cache the canoe.... As we sat by the great fire that we built that night in the Fraser Valley, we wondered whose would be the hand that would launch our canoe in some future spring.*"
— Hesketh Prichard, 1911

The first decade of a new century spawned great interest in the exploration of the interior of Labrador. Between 1903 and 1910, the vast wilderness attracted intrepid American and British adventurers, including Leonidas Hubbard, Dillon Wallace, William Cabot, and Mina Hubbard. They were lured by the possibilities of mapping new territory, glimpsing great herds of caribou, and meeting the elusive Naskapi (Innu) at their summer hunting grounds around Indian House Lake.

The story of another British expedition, led by Hesketh Vernon Hesketh-Prichard in 1910, is practically unknown.

More than thirty years ago, author, hiker, and now-retired biologist Lawrence Coady established an Arctic char research station on the Fraser River in northern Labrador. Over the course of his field studies, Coady learned of Prichard, an author, adventurer, and ardent hunter who, together with a fellow Brit and two hired guides, had canoed the Fraser in 1910 with Indian House Lake and trophy game as their goals.

Disregarding local advice, the expedition headed up the narrow Fraser Canyon. The explorers were forced to climb five-hundred-metre cliffs with a canoe. Later, somewhere along the route, they abandoned the canoe.

Reading of the journey in Prichard's out-of-print *Through Trackless Labrador*, Coady was hooked. Over three summers, he coaxed friends and family (both his own and Prichard's descendants) to help him search for the location of the ninety-two-year-old cedar canvas canoe. Along the way, he retraced and mapped Prichard's trail and verified the locations of the earlier expedition's campsites.

Combining field and archival sources, *The Lost Canoe* weaves together detailed information on the lives of these explorers while telling of their little-known expedition and Coady's own quest for the cached canoe.

Coady produces a convincing and comprehensive narrative that is well researched and referenced. It alternates between a more formal account of Prichard's life and journey and an often humorous portrayal of his own adventures.

He excels at describing landscape and natural history and rivals some of the best writing on northern biting insects. Coady's efforts are as feisty as the flies he inevitably battled. A series of paired photographs — taken at identical locations nearly a century apart — provide a captivating addition to the chronicling of these expeditions.

Still, Coady's scrambles up the treacherous canyon are geographically confusing and would have benefited from the addition of a complete map showing both his and Prichard's entire routes. And while most details are well documented, the feelings ascribed to the Inuit guide — who leaves Prichard's expedition prematurely — are written without an attributed source.

These minor points aside, Coady amply succeeds in shining a light on an important chapter of early twentieth-century Labrador exploration. Just as important as providing historical context for Prichard's lost canoe, Coady writes passionately on the loss of a way of life, summarizing circumstances that have changed the face of Nitassinan (the Innu name for the Labrador-Quebec peninsula) and irrevocably altered the lives of the Innu.

Prichard is perhaps the least known explorer of Labrador in the early 1900s, and he might well have perished of starvation like Leonidas Hubbard had it not been for the courage and skill of his Newfoundland guide, Robert Porter — a fact ignored by Prichard, but duly noted by Coady.

Yet there is another explorer of that era who has for some time been relegated to a minor role. Fortunately, with the centenary of the chronicling of her milestone accomplishments — being the first white woman to cross Labrador and the first explorer to accurately map the George River — academics, historians, and biographers are revisiting the story of Mina Hubbard's extraordinary 1905 journey.

The most recent of these reconsiderations is a reissue of Mina Hubbard's *A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador*, edited and introduced by Sherrill Grace, a recent recipient of the coveted Killam Prize and well recognized for her work on Canada's North.

Based on the 1908 first edition, the reproduction of Hubbard's text of her journey includes the introduction by explorer William Cabot, the diary of her husband Leonidas, and a narrative by their guide George Elson.

Hubbard is fascinating for several reasons, not the least of which is that she undertook this improbable adventure

as a complete novice — a trained nurse mounting an expedition in unmapped territory to complete her husband's work. While most of the press at the time dismissed her claims, Hubbard proved herself an able writer, cartographer, and lecturer.

The landscape of twentieth-century Labrador exploration and contemporary wilderness adventure is enriched with the publication of these two texts.

Reviewed by **Alison Dyer**, a writer, researcher, and paddler based in St. John's, Newfoundland and Labrador.

SHOESTRING SOLDIERS
The 1st Canadian Division at War, 1914–1915
by Andrew Iarocci

'*Shoestring Soldiers* is a well-written account of the 1st Division at war...one that historians will have to address when writing about Canada's fighting forces in the first eighteen months of the Great War.'
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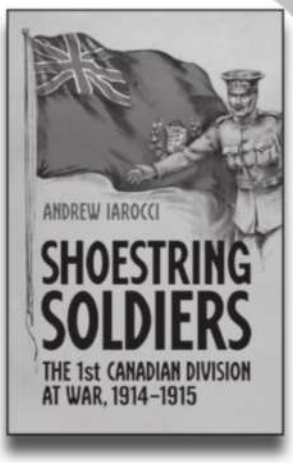

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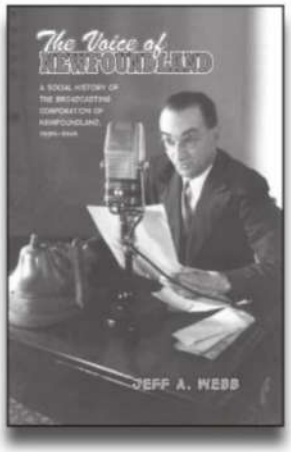

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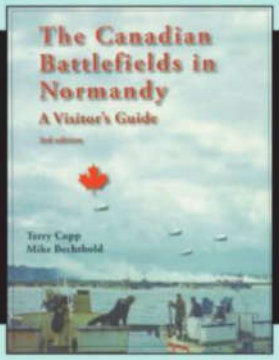

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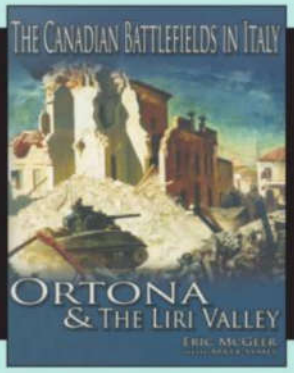

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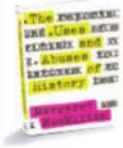

The Uses and Abuses of History
by Margaret MacMillan
Penguin Canada, Toronto, 2008
208 pp., $30 hardcover

Did you ever wonder whether politicians really know their history when they make "historic" announcements? Margaret MacMillan, one of Canada's most respected historians, asked herself that question, and then she decided to take politicians to task for the "uses and abuses of history" they have committed.

In her latest book, MacMillan brings her hard-hitting approach to bear on leaders from Canada and around the world. Inspired by George W. Bush's meanderings through history, *The Uses and Abuses of History* debunks some of the most prominent "facts" used to justify government actions and reactions.

For MacMillan, historians bear some of the blame. When their work is not intelligible, politicians and others can "get away with misusing or abusing history for their own ends because the rest of us do not know enough to challenge them."

The Uses and Abuses of History makes a passionate case for professional historians and for the integrity of their craft. Their work is needed more than ever in an age obsessed with history but without historical memory.

— Joel Ralph

British Columbia: Spirit of the People
by Jean Barman
Harbour Publishing, Madeira Park, B.C., 2008
192 pp., illus., $49.95 hardcover

In *British Columbia: Spirit of the People* by Jean Barman, what you see on the cover is definitely what you get. Luckily, though, what you get is a visually gorgeous and wonderfully multicultural view of B.C.'s history.

For the longest time, First Nations and ethnic minorities found themselves relegated to a supporting role in the province's historical

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and cultural narrative. With *Spirit of the People*, they finally take the mainstage.

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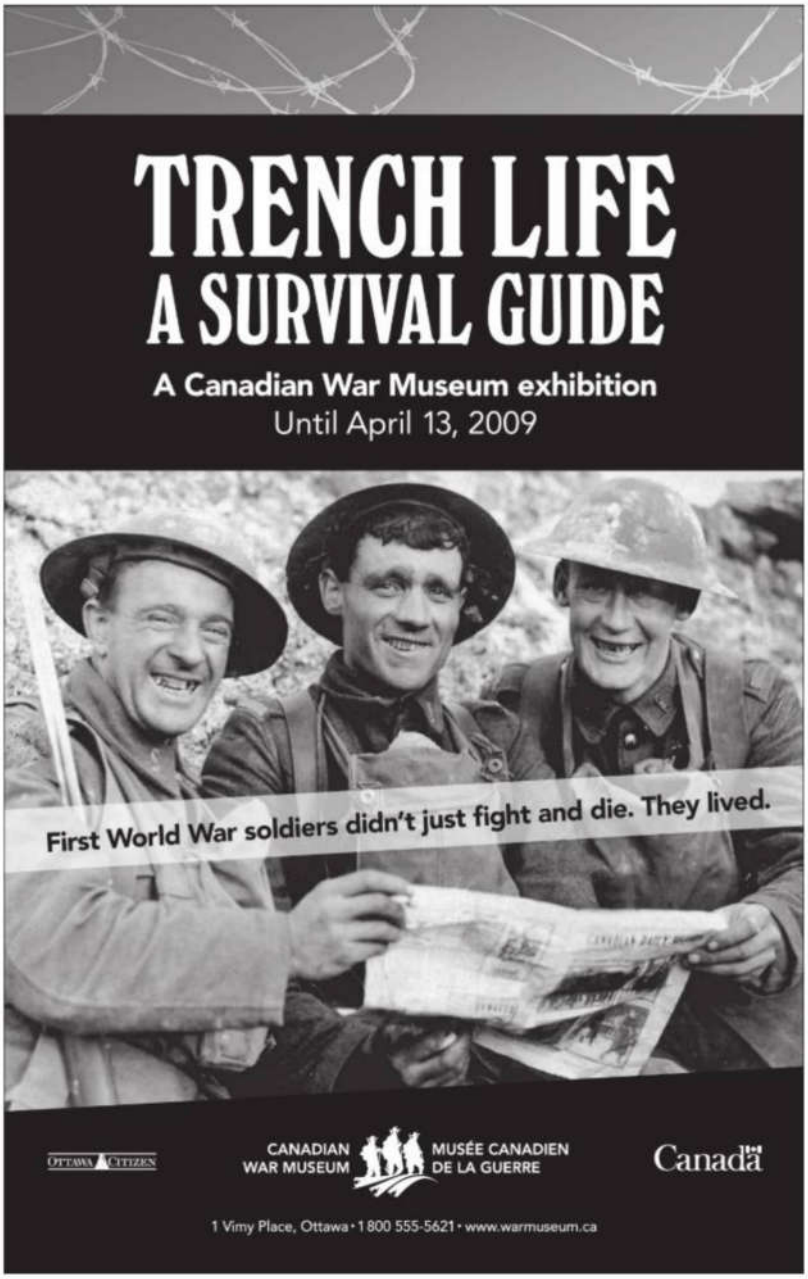
— M.R.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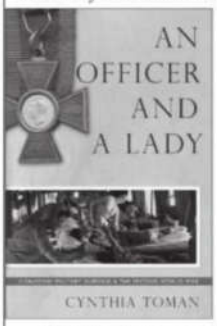

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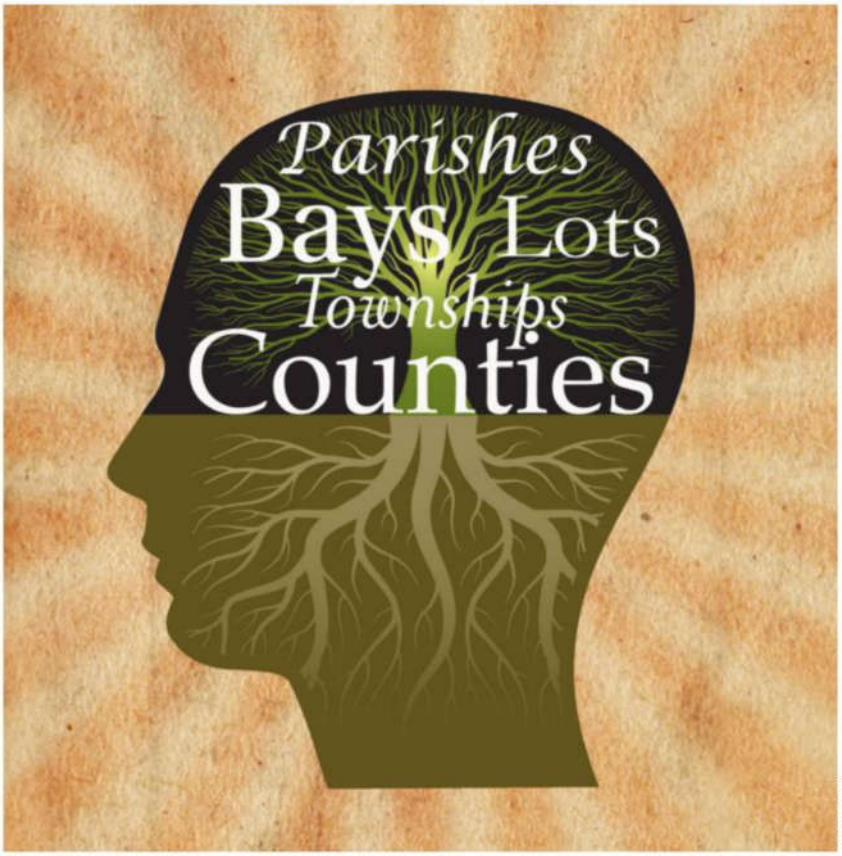
Name games

There's a reason why researching your East Coast roots is so confusing, says Terrence M. Punch.



MICHEL GROLEAU

When I was a young man I visited Ireland, which my great-grandfather had left one hundred and twenty years before. I didn't know then how complicated toponymy could be. I was seeking Marmelade, our ancestral home. However, once I arrived in Cork, I found that there was no such place of that name.

Perhaps it was Marmullane? Perhaps not: I soon discovered that I should have been looking for Monkstown.

Why the confusion? It turns out that parishes in Ireland can be civil, Church of Ireland, or Catholic, and that they often overlapped and were called by different names. They're also not spelled the same by everyone — for example, Mid(d)leton, Carrigt(w)ohill.

Genealogists encounter the same difficulty in Atlantic Canada. Each of the four pre-Confederation provinces practised its own system of subdividing its territory. For instance, a county was usually, but not always, the bailiwick of a probate court and a land registry — but not in all four provinces. Sometimes a unit termed a municipality had its own offices for those purposes, and sometimes not.

Let me explain this a little for those who are unfamiliar with such eccentricities. Three of the four Atlantic provinces — Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island — are collectively known as the Maritimes. All three provinces possess counties. The fourth Atlantic province, Newfoundland and Labrador, does not. In that province, communities were most easily located by naming the bay upon which they were situated. Bays, however, had no legal existence in government records. By contrast, counties counted.

The colonial Maritimes were equally inconsistent when it came to subdividing their counties. New Brunswick, like Ireland and England, possessed entities known as civil parishes. Sometimes the name of the parish is the name of a modern community, but sometimes it's not.

Prince Edward Island, by contrast, contains sixty-seven denominations known as lots. These date back to a survey of the island conducted by Samuel Holland in 1765. Two years later, most of the island became the property of a group of people in Britain who drew lots by lot. (The question of absentee proprietors and the inability of settlers to obtain legal tenure of their land agitated island politics until well into the nineteenth century.)

> Each of the four pre-Confederation provinces practised its own system of subdividing its territory.

Thus, Newfoundland and Labrador has bays, Prince Edward Island lots and New Brunswick parishes.

And what about Nova Scotia? That province found another way. When its legislative assembly was established in 1758 — the oldest elective body in modern Canada — the governor of the colony wished to attract settlers from New England. As genealogists may know, New England had town clerks and a system of local meetings to discuss matters of public concern. It was deemed expedient, therefore, to allow the New England settlers in Nova Scotia (known as Planters) to be granted their lands as shares in districts known as townships. Until 1859, many Nova Scotia townships elected their own members to the legislature.

Another concern for genealogists is that the mainland provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia split up their counties to create new ones. The Nova Scotia mainland began with five counties (Halifax, Lunenburg, Annapolis, Cumberland, and Kings). Today there are fourteen.

The most complicated example of county division can be found in the southwestern Nova Scotia community of Yarmouth. It was located in Lunenburg County until 1762, then became part of Queens until 1784, when it fell within Shelburne County. In 1836 the boundaries shifted again and Yarmouth was suddenly part of Yarmouth County, the name of its principal township. A person born there in 1760, and who was still alive in 1840, could have lived in four counties while never moving from the farm on which he or she was born.

One final point to remember is that New Brunswick, until 1784, formed part of Nova Scotia, and some of its historic records reflect this. Today's Sunbury County — located along the St. John River in central New Brunswick — is a relatively small area, but when it was established in 1765 it included approximately thirteen of the province's current fifteen counties.

So you can see, before you go searching for your Atlantic roots, you need to know the lay of the land and how it was divided. Bays, lots, townships, parishes — you get used to them after a while, perhaps even come to like the novelty. Just make sure you know where you are.

Have a question about genealogy? Email it to: roots@historysociety.ca. Our experts will try to answer selected questions from readers like you.

Terrence M. Punch is the resident genealogist for CBC Radio on Maritime Noon and the author of nine books, the most recent being *Erin's Sons: Irish Arrivals in Atlantic Canada, 1761–1853*.

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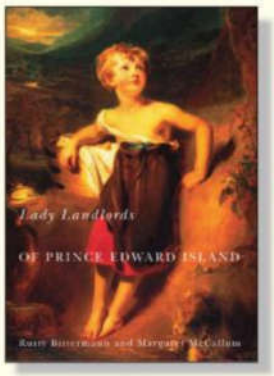

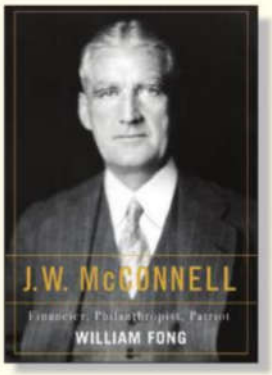

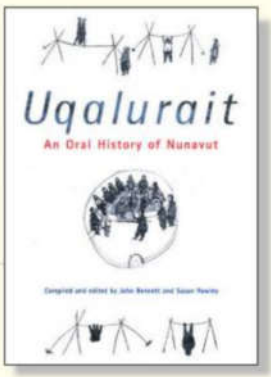

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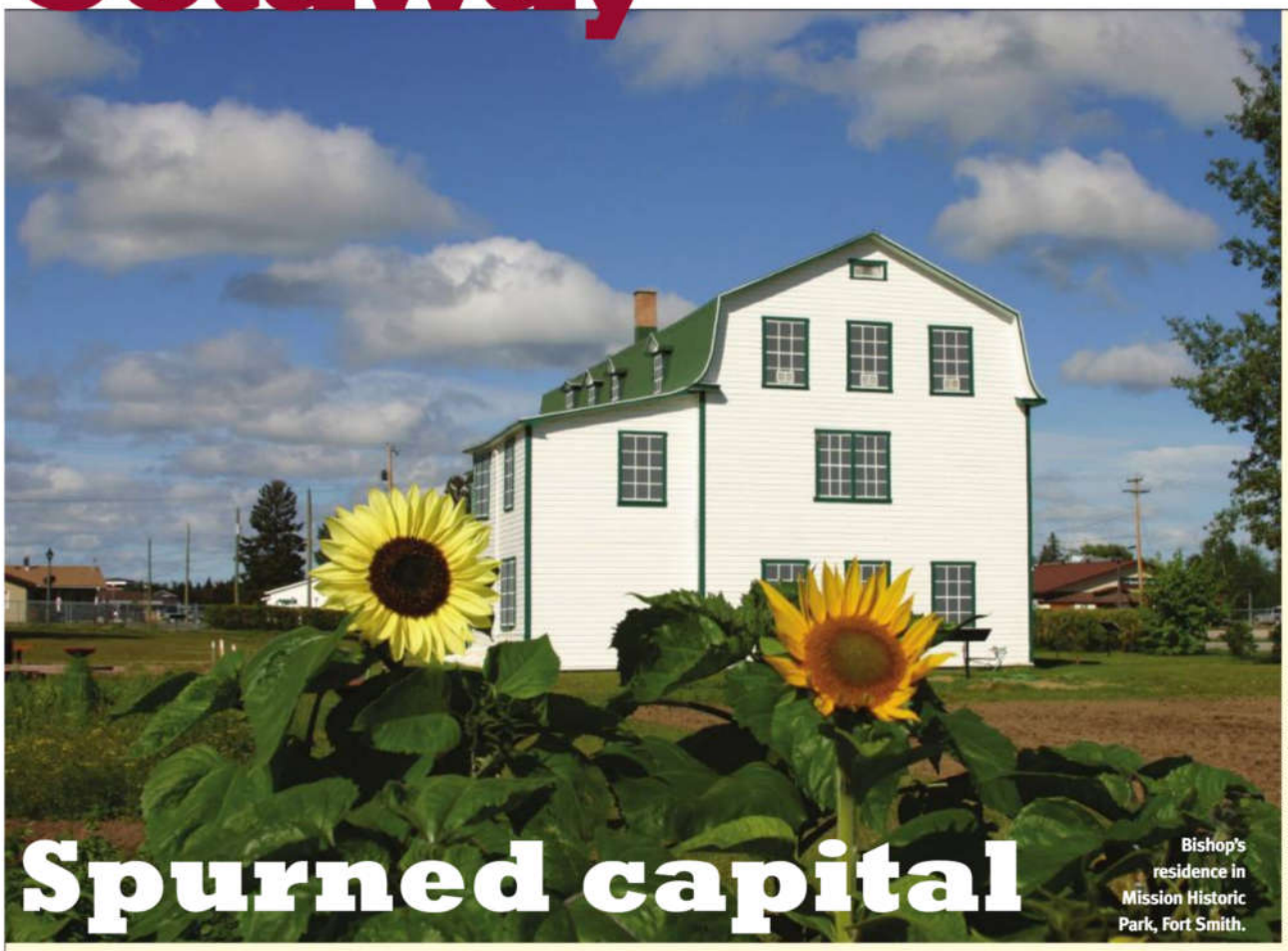


Spurned capital

Bishop's residence in Mission Historic Park, Fort Smith.

MIKE COUVERAT, INDUSTRY, TOURISM AND INVESTMENT

Hélèna Katz explores Fort Smith, a once-vital link in the Northwest Territories' transportation network.

A woman crouches in her garden patch, digging up potatoes and tossing them into a pile in the grass behind her. This community garden in Fort Smith Mission Historic Park sits on what remains of a sixty-one-hectare Roman Catholic mission built in 1876. The site is a vestige of the pivotal role Fort Smith once played as the administrative centre of the Northwest Territories.

In 1967, Yellowknife became the official capital — much to the chagrin of residents of Fort Smith. Like a spurned lover, the community of 2,400 still views its lowered status as a sore point.

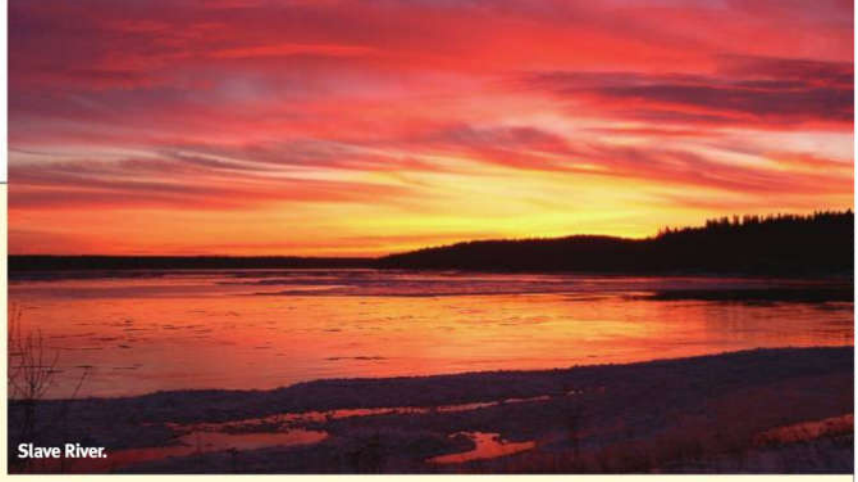
"We don't like to talk about it," says long-time resident Tim Gauthier.

This scenic town — too tiny for a traffic light — has a rich history. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate grew vegetables here for the Catholic missions along the Mackenzie River. The now boarded-up bishop's residence was built in 1911 and sits across from pretty St. Isidore Church. Storage and workshops surround the community garden. As we follow the park's interpretive signs, we approach a shaded grotto with pews and an altar that was once used by nuns and priests. On this day, children stage a mock wedding ceremony in the outdoor sanctuary.

Fort Smith, which is home to Chipewyan (Dene), Cree, Métis, and non-aboriginal peoples, sits on the banks of the Slave River. The river was once a vital transportation link flowing from northern Alberta's Lake Athabasca to Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories. The only obstacles were four

Riding Molly's Nipple on Slave River near Fort Smith.

JOHN MCKINNON



Slave River.

MIKE COUVRETTE, INDUSTRY, TOURISM AND INVESTMENT

sets of impassable rapids along a twenty-nine-kilometre stretch between Fort Fitzgerald and Fort Smith. The Hudson's Bay Company built an outpost at Fort Smith in 1872 and named it for Donald Alexander Smith, who was then the HBC's chief commissioner. The community's Chipewyan name is Thebacha, which means "at the foot of the rapids."

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the Northern Diocese of the Roman Catholic Church, which operated schools across the North, both established northern headquarters here. While others have since moved their head offices to Yellowknife, Aurora College (the territory's only post-secondary institution) maintains its headquarters in Fort Smith.

The Slave River lost its role as a transportation route when Great Slave Lake was connected to southern Canada by ground transportation via a road (built in 1949) and a railway (1964) to the town of Hay River. And an all-weather road into Fort Smith since 1966 means travellers today don't need to paddle and portage into the community. Just keep an eye out for Wood Buffalo National Park's herd of more than 5,000 free-roaming bison — the animals sometimes wander onto the highway. Wood Buffalo, Canada's largest national park and the only remaining nesting area of the endangered whooping crane, is also a UNESCO World Heritage Site.

After leaving Mission Historic Park, we walk down to the Slave River to see the Rapids of the Drowned. They get their name from a tragedy that occurred in 1788. The story goes that a guide decided to try paddling through a channel of the rapids. He was supposed to fire his musket to let the men waiting above the rapids in another canoe know that it was safe. The guide and his crew just barely survived, but before he had a chance to warn his waiting comrades, another fellow in his boat fired at a duck. Mistaking the shot for the all-clear signal, the five men above the rapids drowned when they tried to follow.

A walk back to the centre of town brings us to the Northern Life Museum, which contains about 10,000 artifacts, most of them donated by the Roman Catholic Church's Oblate Fathers and Grey Nuns. The items were collected during their missionary travels around the North. The museum's exhibits give a good overview of the area's social, cultural, and economic history, including its role as a transportation route.

Displays include a reconstructed trapper's cabin, stuffed whooping cranes, beautiful beadwork, and traditional clothing. A glass-enclosed toilet from a tugboat known as the *Radium King* wins the prize for cheekiness. The vessel, which can be seen in its slightly rusting glory in the outdoor gallery, hauled ore on Great Bear Lake and then pushed barges across Great Slave Lake for thirty years.

Before leaving town, we head back to the four-way stop at the community's main intersection to see St. Joseph's Cathedral on the corner. Pretty on the outside, but surprisingly plain inside, it was built in anticipation of Fort Smith being chosen as the official capital of the Northwest Territories. Alas, some things are just never meant to be.

Author and journalist Hélène Katz lives in Fort Smith, Northwest Territories.

IF YOU GO...

Although Fort Smith sits on the Alberta-Northwest Territories border, visitors must drive from northern Alberta to Hay River before heading south for 265 kilometres along Highway 5.

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Kids in the hull

Leslie Hempsall recalls a white-knuckle family boat ride along a historic stretch of river in British Columbia.

A view of the Peace River, taken during Leslie Hempsall's 1967 family river voyage.

LESLIE HEMPSALL

As I stood on the shore of the Peace River, at the Finlay Rapids in northern British Columbia in the summer of 1967, my heart sank.

How could we — two families totalling four adults and five children, including three boys and two girls between the ages of eight and fourteen — navigate our fifteen-metre motorized riverboat through this stretch of raging rapids without capsizing?

I was also gripped by a sense of urgency; downstream, construction workers were hurrying to complete what would one day be known as the W.A.C. Bennett Dam — a massive structure that would soon flood this historic river valley.

This ancient waterway was the route chosen by many of the region's early explorers — including the North West Company's Alexander Mackenzie in 1793 and Simon Fraser in 1806 — as they sought to reach the Pacific Ocean. In 1797, explorer John Finlay also travelled the Peace, then turned north up the river that now bears his name. Throughout history, many others, including aboriginals, prospectors, and trappers, used the river as a natural highway.

This powerful waterway had its genesis in two other great rivers, both in the Rocky Mountain Trench — the Finlay, flowing south, and the Parsnip, flowing north.

As for us, we four parents were city folk from Greater Vancouver who had been relocated to Prince George, British Columbia, by job demands. It happened to be Canada's centennial year.

> We decided to journey along the Peace River before it was lost forever.

We believed it was important to expose our children to a less-sophisticated lifestyle. When we learned that this heritage waterway would soon disappear with the coming of the dam, it was too much for us to ignore. We decided to journey along the Peace and introduce our children to historic wilderness before it was lost forever.

On the second day of our voyage, we faced our first major obstacle, the Finlay Rapids. Simon Fraser, in his published letters and journals, described his experience at this rapid: "We came to and encamped at the last Rapid [he was travelling upstream] which is about 2 miles below the Forks." It was here that he disciplined one of his crew for attempting to pole his canoe up the treacherous rapids: "I gave him a set down for risking the property so much when it was not necessary."

After some deliberation, we agreed that the prudent course for us would be to have the wives and children walk around the rapids, while the dads, with some misgivings, headed for the sluice along the bank. Through the mist, we could see the first standing wave and felt our boat straining to climb its face. Too long and too heavy to clear the crest, it drove through the wave, bringing water over the sides. Twice more this happened before we hit calmer water and were through. We picked up our wives and children and continued down the river, where it swerved to flow eastward through "the Gap," a dark and narrow passage through the Rocky Mountains.

A little later, we camped and then retired early, rising the next morning to continue our journey. When we passed Pardonet Hill (named after French-Canadian prospector Jacques Pardonet), we knew we were approaching a second set

of rapids, which were treacherous yet deceptively quiet.

In his published journal, Alexander Mackenzie described the dangerous river hazard: "There is a very dangerous one … which is named the 'Rapid qui ne parle point' from its silent, whirlpool motion."

Once again, we dropped our wives and children onshore as we navigated the rapids.

Finally, under the darkening sky of a threatening storm, we reached Gold Bar, twenty-four kilometres upstream of the dam construction. Once onshore, we stretched our legs and congratulated ourselves for besting the river. Unfortunately, our enthusiasm was premature, as later events would show.

As we began our return trip, going upstream against the current, the storm broke, with rain falling in cold, wind-driven sheets. Progress against the wind and current was painfully slow. Finally, at the mouth of the Ottertail River, we landed and began making camp. We erected the tents, ate a soggy meal, and slipped into our sleeping bags as the rain and wind continued.

The families stop for a lunch break along the Peace River. From left to right: Peter Hempsall, Harry Stevens, Pamela Stevens, Leslie Hempsall, Bruce Stevens, Mark Stevens (blue cap behind Bruce), Dorothy Hempsall and Ellen Stevens.

LESLIE HEMPSALL

The next morning, under clearing skies, we headed for the rapids. As before, only the two dads attacked the rapids. The waves and turbulence forced the boat into midstream, where the boisterous water pounded the slender craft. It became frighteningly clear that we would not get through.

Knowing it would be disastrous if the boat got broadside to the current, I concentrated on keeping the bow pointing into the current, while letting the boat slowly back down the rapid. At the bottom, the older children, standing waist-deep in the river, grabbed the side of the boat and pulled it to safety. Everyone worked to unload our cargo to dry on the rocky shore. After several hours, during which time the children acted as though this was a normal part of wilderness travel, we reloaded, and we eventually made it up the rapid.

We soon passed through the Gap into brilliant sunshine. Alas, our motor began to sputter, and it finally died just as we reached a rock bar where we made our last camp. Sadly, we had to admit defeat, not certain how, or if, we would be able to complete the rest of our journey.

Fortunately, a couple of aboriginal boys going upstream in a rickety boat agreed to drop me off at the wharf of a forestry camp above the rapids. The forestry superintendent arranged for our rescue, and soon we were on our way back to the lodge where we had left our cars.

Although we failed to complete the return river journey, I still consider the expedition a success. We had introduced our children to a beautiful wilderness area that was also an important part of our nation's heritage. As we retraced the paths of past explorers, the journey seemed to mature the children. When we dads were in trouble at the last rapid, the children unhesitatingly put themselves at risk to pull the boat ashore. They proved themselves to be wonderful wilderness travellers.

Now, forty years later, they still brag about being "the last families in history to travel this waterway" and, maybe, "the only families in history to *back down* the 'Rapid qui ne parle point.'"

Leslie Hempsall is a retired civil engineer who enjoys writing about his family's adventures in British Columbia's historic wilderness areas.

To see more photos of Hempsall's voyage, go to: www.thebeaver.ca

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Canada's National History Society
publisher of **The Beaver** *Canada's History Magazine* and **Kayak** *Canada's History Magazine for Kids*

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Founded in 1994 to popularize Canadian history, the work of Canada's National History Society includes: **The Beaver, Kayak,** the **Governor General's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History** to honour the country's best history teachers, and the **Pierre Berton Award** to recognize those who have brought history to a wider audience.

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The Beaver was founded in 1920 by the Hudson's Bay Company, whose commitment to the History Society and its programs continues today through the ***Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation***.

Marvellous mysteries

Innovative history website wins Pierre Berton Award.

GREAT UNSOLVED MYSTERIES IN CANADIAN HISTORY

Great Unsolved Mysteries in Canadian History **cast members gather in Dawson City for the launch event of the "Who Discovered Klondike Gold" mystery.**

Through the Pierre Berton Award, the History Society honours achievement among those who strive to bring greater popular interest to Canadian history.

Throughout the fourteen-year history of the award, many of Canada's leading writers and broadcasters have been lauded for their efforts in bringing Canadian history to the forefront of their medium. This year's recipient signals a new era and approach, by recognizing the efforts of the *Great Unsolved Mysteries in Canadian History* website — an innovative Web-based series of mystery puzzles. Designed principally for use by schools, the website is quickly growing a wide audience in Canada and around the world.

Deborah Morrison, President and CEO of the History Society, spoke with the three co-directors of the project, Peter Gossage, John Lutz, and Ruth Sandwell.

Deborah Morrison: What gave you the idea to start this project?

Ruth Sandwell: The project originated first of all with John Lutz and myself, when we were both graduate students on the West Coast. We were teaching for the first time, and we were really struck by the difference between what we did as historians — that process of creative and critical inquiry into primary documents — on the one hand, and teaching history on the other, where we found ourselves simply summarizing what other historians had done and presenting that as a kind of final product to our undergraduate students. Often, in the process of that transition, … a lot of what we found most interesting and lively about the process of history was lost.

John Lutz: Ruth was working on the history of Salt Spring Island and came across the mystery of the death of three black men in

GREAT UNSOLVED MYSTERIES IN CANADIAN HISTORY

Governor General Michaëlle Jean, second from right, attends the Montreal launch of the mystery "Torture and the Truth: Angelique and the Burning of Montreal."

the course of eighteen months. Salt Spring had been regarded as a peaceful, harmonious racial utopia by most people who had looked at its past. So we delved into it and found our first mystery. We also found that everybody loves a mystery, and if you pose Canadian history as a mystery, everybody wants to dive in and solve those kinds of questions.

D.M.: It's pretty adventurous to go into online formats when it was still so new and there are so many constraints in a classroom using new technologies.

Great Unsolved Mysteries in Canadian History

By the Numbers

12 bilingual mysteries

30 mystery quests

200,000 unique visitors each year

1,600 schools using the site

50 countries accessing the site

12 million website hits each year

Over 100 writers and contributors

Sponsors: Department of Canadian Heritage, University of Victoria, Université de Sherbrooke, OISE, the Critical Thinking Consortium, HotHouse Marketing and Design.

Peter Gossage: I think the timing was pretty propitious, because just as John and Ruth were developing the "Who killed William Robinson?" site, the whole notion of online teaching came into our consciousness. When John and Ruth came to me with the idea of taking the Robinson approach national, it just seemed like such a good fit for a sort of twenty-first-century approach to teaching Canadian history.

D.M.: The use of technology and fun murder mysteries might make some people worry that this approach to history makes it difficult for students to come away with a clear sense of the chronology of the people and events that have shaped our history.

J.L.: We find that even with the big events in history … if you have a particular human interest story to hang those larger events on, people carry that whole package away with them much more readily than if we just try and say, 'the First World War started in X, ended in X,' and that kind of thing.

P.G.: And just to give an example of that, one of our most recent sites is about the Canadian diplomat Herbert Norman and his suicide in 1957. It's just such a marvelous way of drawing students into debates about the Cold War and what was going on in Canadian external relations.

D.M.: So, which is your favourite or most interesting mystery?

J.L.: I think my favourite one is: "Where was Vinland?" which was launched last year. I've always been fascinated by the question of where the Vikings came to North America, how long they stayed, and why they didn't stay.

R.S.: Of course, I love all the mysteries, but one of my favorites is "The Redpath Mansion" mystery. As a historian of the family, I'm fascinated by the dynamics inside families in Canada over time.

P.G.: The one I would like to talk about is "Jerome," the story of a mysterious amputee who washed ashore in the Acadian area of Nova Scotia in the 1860s. This story tells us what happened to people who were impoverished and abandoned in the nineteenth century before the welfare state.

GREAT UNSOLVED MYSTERIES IN CANADIAN HISTORY

Gregory Klages, left, research director for the "Tom Thomson" mystery, is interviewed by CBC personality Jian Ghomeshi in August 2007.

D.M.: Can anyone use this site or is it just for educators?

J.L.: We know we get lots of general public use because people are always sending us suggestions for new mysteries. But also they're sometimes sending us clues, or documents, or directions to the mysteries we already have, or even references to their great-grandparents who were involved in the event at the time.

D.M.: Thank you all for your time.

R.S.: Thank you to Canada's National History Society for first the nomination, and then the award. Thank you also on behalf of all the people that worked so hard on this project over the years.

To hear a podcast interview with Peter Gossage, John Lutz and Ruth Sandwell, go to: thebeaver.ca

Paul Jones

Changes to History Society Board of Directors

At its annual meeting in Gimli, Manitoba, held July 11 and 12, the History Society extended its appreciation to outgoing member of the Board of Directors Robert Johnston for his contributions. It also elected Paul Jones for his first three-year term.

Paul Jones is a principal with TK Advisors Inc., a publishing consultancy with clients in Canada, the U.S. and Latin America. He retired in 2004 from the position of senior vice-president at Rogers Publishing after a 30-year career with Maclean Hunter and Rogers.

Robert Johnston

He had also served as publisher of *Maclean's* and as president & CEO of Canadian Business Media Ltd. and publisher of *Canadian Business*, *PROFIT* and *MoneySense* magazines.

In addition to his impressive credentials within the magazine publishing industry he has a keen interest in family history and recently concluded a two-year term as chair of the Toronto Branch of the Ontario Genealogical Society.

Who wunnit?

Canada's National History Society invites you to attend *An Evening of Mystery* to honour the 2008 Pierre Berton Award Recipients

Arcadian Court, Hudson's Bay Company, 401 Bay Street, Toronto
Tuesday, October 21, 2008
Cocktails 6:00 p.m. Dinner 7:00 p.m. Tickets $150.
To purchase tickets, contact Linda Onofreychuk
1-800-816-6777 ext. 10 or email: lonofreychuk@historysociety.ca

THE BEAVER
TRAVEL TOURS

CELEBRATE OUR HERITAGE WITH A NORTHERN MANITOBA RAIL TOUR IN 2009

Beaver Travel Tours & Rail Travel Tours is celebrating the 80th Anniversary of the completion of the Northern Manitoba rail route to Churchill with two rail tours roundtrip from Winnipeg, Manitoba in 2009 featuring heritage learning experiences, relaxing rail travel and more.

Manitoba Winter Festival Escape
February 19th to 23rd, 2009

Roundtrip from Winnipeg to The Pas, Manitoba to enjoy *The Northern Manitoba Trappers Festival* where the challenges of the Fur Trade are recreated. This 5 day, 4 night tour features travel on VIA's *Hudson Bay*, the King & Queen Trapper competitions, unprecedented views of the World Championship Dog Sled Race, Sam Waller Museum and more. Package includes hotel stays, rail trips, transfers, heritage attractions & presentations and Beaver Tour information kit is also provided.

Price $ 875.00 CDN + Gst
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Single Supplement $125.00
Add a stay in Winnipeg to visit Festival du Voyageur!

Hudson Bay Railway 80th Anniversary Tour
June 21st to June 27th, 2009*

Roundtrip from Winnipeg to Churchill, Manitoba to celebrate the 80th Anniversary of the completion of the rail link to Hudson Bay. This 7 day, 6 night tour features travel on VIA's *Hudson Bay*, to Churchill on Northern Manitoba's rail line and features heritage presentations, Beluga Whale Watching & Fort Prince of Wales tour, specially arranged Port tour, 80th Anniversary Banquet and more. Package includes hotel stays, rail trips, transfers, heritage attractions, guest speakers and Beaver Tour information kit is also provided.

Price $ 1795.00 CDN + Gst
per person based on double occupancy
Single Supplement $200.00

* Travel dates may be adjusted depending on rail schedule.

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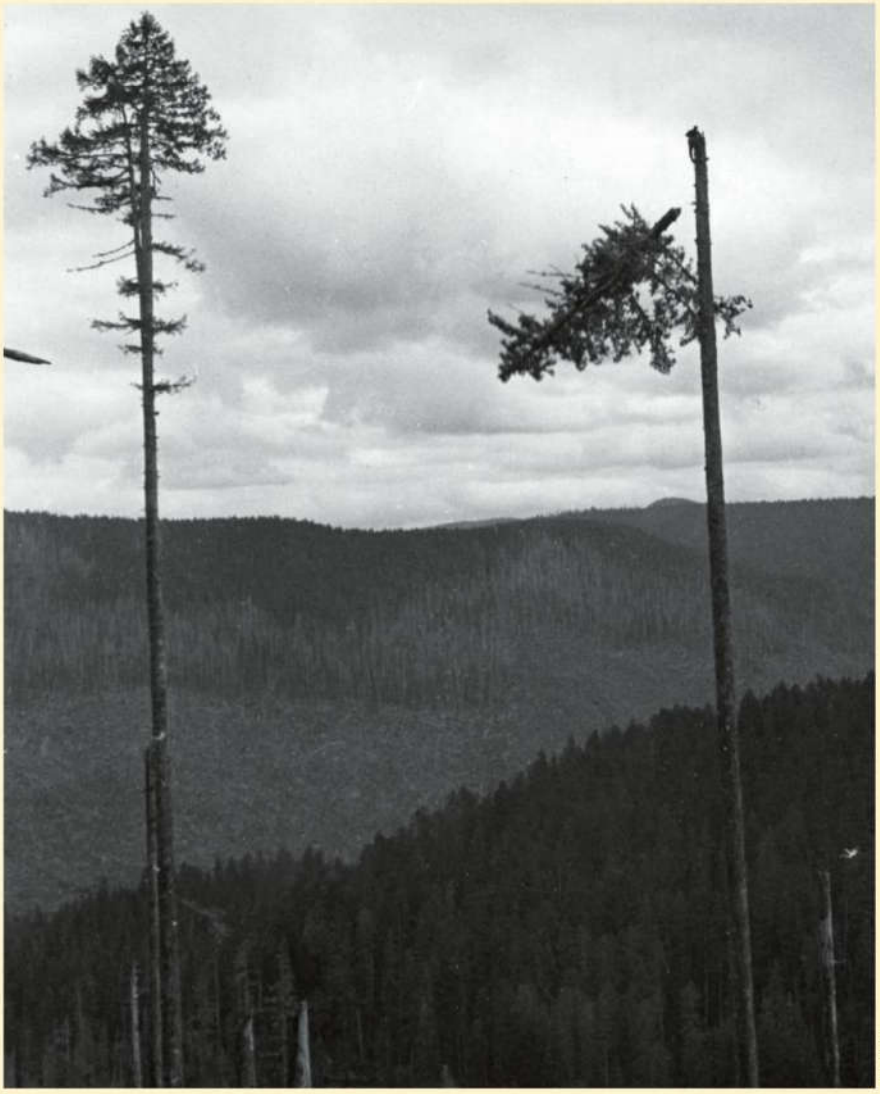
Album

David Riley is the son of Dr. Clifford (Cliff) George Riley. David resides in Kingston, Ontario.



DAVID RILEY

On top of the world

Look up, way up. Yes, that little speck at the top of the tree trunk is a man. He has just lopped the crown off of a towering Douglas fir in British Columbia. Submitted by David Riley, the image was found amongst the papers of David's father, Dr. Clifford Riley, a forest pathologist who died in 1989. Early in his career, Riley Sr. worked with the B.C. Forest Service at Cowichan Lake on southern Vancouver Island near Duncan. His colleague, J.E. Bier, captured the decisive moment as the treetop fell. The caption on the back of the photo reads: "Topping a fir tree, Vancouver Island, B.C., 1929." As David notes, this was definitely "not a job for the faint of heart!" The B.C. Forest Service established the Cowichan Lake Forest Research Station in 1929. The experimental station still exists and has become renowned for its work in forest genetics and tree physiology.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Or email your submission to album@thebeaver.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

the Giving Day

Looking to raise funds for your organization?

The Giving Day at Bay stores across Canada Saturday, November 1st, 2008.

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OUR HISTORY, OUR PRIDE, OUR CANADA YEAR BOOK

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